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Poetry, American.

- Poetry, French - Collections.

AUTUMN LEAVES;

- OR,

ODE, ELEGIES, NARRATIVES, HYMNS,

AND

loc . OTHER PIECES IN VERSE FROM THE
WRITER'S LATER MANUSCRIPTS.

BY LEWIS G. PRAY.

Printed, not Published.

Gift Book of an Octogenarian.
1793 - 1870.

BOSTON:

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1873.

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TO
THE AUTHOR'S ASSOCIATES,
WHETHER IN PRIMARY OR SUNDAY SCHOOLS, IN BUSINESS
RELATIONS OR BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATIONS,
WHETHER AT HOME OR IN THE CHURCH,
THIS VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

W O R 19 FEB '36



PREFATORY.

IN 1862 the author of the present volume made a selection from his earlier manuscripts, passed them through the press, and made distribution of them among his kindred and friends. It had for its title, "The Sylphid's School, and other Pieces in Verse." Since then, his pen has not been idle; and as his former offering seemed to be kindly received, he has not thought it unwise or too egotistical to use some of his more recent leisure hours and solitary days in gleaning from his later manuscripts enough for another volume for a like destination and distribution.

The pieces in the present volume have been written through these later years to meet the calls of passing occasions, to give expression to feelings that would not be repressed, or to

embody ideas and incidents in forms the better to instruct or please.

Some of them have found publication in the periodicals of the day ; some were prepared by request and used on public occasions ; but for the most part their circulation has been restricted to the indulgent and partial eye of kindred and home friends, and appear now for the first time in print.

The hope is entertained that all to whom this memento shall be sent, will give to it a kindly reception, when assured that it is the offering of one who has highly appreciated, through a long and happy life, their warm and constant friendships, their cordial co-operation in former congenial labors, and who continues to appreciate their many works of mental activity and judicious philanthropy.

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AUTUMN LEAVES.

ODE:

FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE, DEC. 31, 1867.

MOUNT PLEASANT CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY.

STAY! stay thy flight! old, hoary, swift-winged
Time!

Stay thine unseen, unceasing course sublime!

Thine! moving image of that vasty sea

Defined immovable Eternity!

Revealer! beautifier! of all that cheers the sight,

Replunging back the same to endless night!*

By thee drawn hither, here thy current stay,

On this, thy latest offspring's dying day;

And ere to shine shall cease its golden hours,

Let some fond reminiscences be ours.

* The ideas in these opening lines are from an ancient French author.

Hark ! he hears ! he heeds ! and, as o'er Ajalon,
Time stays for us the coursers of the Sun !

And, crowding now, come visions on the sight,
To fill the waiting soul with pure delight :
They come, unbidden all, but not unblest,
And each a welcome and an honored guest !
Gaze, gaze ! what vision's this, the foremost given ?

In letters glittering bright,
Writ on the arch of night,
"The House of God, the very Gate of Heaven !"
The pulpit there, — the choir and singers here, —
And all between the worshippers appear :
Thronging, — listening, — reverent, — low, —
With thoughts subdued, — their feelings all aglow.
Swells, now, the organ's thrilling, pealing tone ;
Anthem and song ascend to heaven's high throne ;
The pastor prays, the prophet pleads with fire,
Till every soul for heaven and good aspire ;
The broken bread, the sacramental cup,
To sweet communion lift the immortal up,
Draws down the Holy Spirit nearer ours,
And foretaste gives of heaven's ambrosial bowers.



O place ! O seasons ! most divinely blest,
To give the soul its highest, needed rest :
Oh, *long* and *oft* return, in coming years and days,
To mend our hearts and lift our souls in praise !

The vision changes : tell us what is this,
That so attracts, — suggestive so of bliss ?
The Sunday School ! where plants immortal rise,
For early training, to their destined skies !
Lo, it is here ! with all that magic charm
That comes to bless whene'er the heart is warm ;
And hark ! now, bursting on the listening ear,
A choral strain comes thrilling, sweet, and clear :

We strew the way with branches ;

We raise the peaceful banner ;

And chant with cheerful voices,

Hosanna ! Hosanna !

Thy will, O God, be done !

Hosanna in the highest,

To David's greatest Son !

For babes and sucklings raise

Hosanna in the highest,

Thine own perfected praise !

We strew the way with branches ;
We raise the peaceful banner ;
We chant with cheerful voices,
Hosanna in the Highest !
Hosanna ! Hosanna !
Hosanna !

Ceases the hymn ; and now they eager bend,
And to their teacher's voice attention lend ;
And now they're gone : but ne'er to pass away,
The lessons learned upon this holy day ;
With power undimmed they'll go from sire to son,
Till the whole Gospel's saving work is done ;
Till every tongue confess, and every knee
Shall bend, in purest homage, Lord, to Thee !

Another change, and lo ! they come, they come !
A favored *Circle*, to a *chosen* home !
In radiant rows, the rooms with beauty strung,
Are busy all with needle and with tongue :
Not angels ! no, no ! but near to them akin ;
Like them in grace ; as far, we hope, from sin.
No scandal ! oh, no ! not a word of that,
'Tis far too stale, unprofitable, flat ;

But busy with the *hand*, to aid the poor
This cold, bleak world the better to endure ;
Busy with *tongue*, the Social Power to gain,
And thus attention on the *mind* to chain ;
To warm the feelings by this art of arts,
And knit in one a band of Christian hearts.
Listen ! the cheering song goes round and round,
Till moved is every heart by melting sound !
The sportive play ; the pleasing, mimic scene,
Where recreation's reapers richly glean, —
Oh, give us these, and give them evermore,
But with them, still, devotion's richer store !

Another scene, another group, I see, I see !
It is, it is the band of "Unity !" —
The Kneelands, Ellisons, and all the rest
Of our fair Mount, the wisest and the best.
They gather here for culture of the mind, —
Self-culture, well and justly so, defined ;
For growth of thought, for ready, graceful speech,
And forms of power that deeper, higher, reach ;
For power supreme o'er selfishness and self,
To hold enchained the inner, wicked elf ;

So train the mind, so give to Conscience sway,
As on life's stage the highest parts to play :
No minor things, no common, thoughtless stand,
Should mar the doings of this rising band.
The serious thought they may not spurn,
Nor with distaste from pure religion turn ;
No : nor yet, — but, daring Muse ! go not too nigh,
Nor scorch thy gauzy wings by flight too high ;
Beware, beware ! and dread that muttering sound,
The mental "Earthquake" * of our fairy mound.

Another scene ? and *here a heathen* Altar ?
And 'round it many a grave Idolater ?
Oh, yes ! 'tis Cupid's ! saucy little rogue,
Beguiling thousands with seductive brogue ;
And fondling, wheedling, using language strange,
That roving hearts no longer dare to range :
Simper they still, — they bow, they laugh, they
kiss, —
And feel, or feign, the highest kind of bliss,
When, lo ! the rogue ! he calls in *Hymen's* aid,
Nor quits his victim till the forfeit's paid.

* The name of a MS. periodical published by the "Unity."

The rogue's been here, all wreathed in flowers and smiles,

And conquests made by his mysterious wiles ;
Has led off some to Hymen's fragrant bower,
While, all, impatient, wait their coming hour.

But, badinage apart, this truth we claim,
That never shines this altar's sacred flame,
Than leaping comes one thrilling, blessed word,
The irrepressible, that must be heard, —
To ev'ry heart, to every tongue 'twill come, —
That all-enchanting word of "HOME, sweet
HOME!"

But all life's scenes are not thus gay and glad,
But with the joyous mingled are the sad :
The bow and arrow may be sport to some,
But death's dark javelin to others come ;
It strikes the infant, middle-aged, the old,
And leaves the "vacant chair" for every fold.

WE miss that manly form, that well-knit frame,
Who to our sacred haunts so constant came ;

That pleasant, serious face when health was best,
So calm when sinking to his final rest.*

That maiden, too, who, drooping, happy died, —
The sister's fondest prop, the parent's pride,
Still hov'ring near us, with an angel's grace,
And becks our young to run the Christian race.†

That good old man who, at his post of trust,
Was known of all as upright, honest, just ;
Who kept his even way, with manners kind,
And left the world — but not one foe — behind.‡

And he, of years few less, experience more,
Who bravely sickness, griefs, and trials bore,
Sheltered through all by home of tend'rest love,
Passed on, to find a better one above. §

And yesterday ! Oh, bitter, bitter grief !
For which but prayers and time can bring relief !

* William Souther, Esq.

† Miss Anna Livermore.

‡ Joseph White, Esq., Cashier of Atlas Bank.

§ Benjamin W. Nevers, Esq.

Departed Miles ! so modest, faithful, true,
Beloved of all who all thy virtues knew ;
Thy path in life the one the Saviour trod,
And found thy purest joy thro' faith in God.*

And those sweet cherubs who, in caskets laid,
Seemed less for earth and more for heaven made.†

These are thy spoils, voracious Sixty-Seven,
The gems we mourn, laid up for us in heaven.

Not we alone : more, ay, more, the State,
Which mourns for him confessed by all as Great ;
Great, because wise, and yet more great as good,
And foremost as a Christian Patriot stood ;
Sagacious, honest, philanthropic, wise, —
Fitted for earth, yet better for the skies, —
ANDREW ! thy name we speak with honest pride,
Who lived for Truth, and for thy country died !
In words historic be embalmed thy name,
And made immortal on the rolls of Fame !

* Henry P. Miles, Esq.

† Infants of W. C. Hunneman, Esq., and Mr. Riddell.

'Tis said, "Times change, and with them manners
change ;"

A simple truth, but neither new nor strange ;
For, like the stream that's ever on the flow,
Man's generations from each other grow.
The same the stream, but, flowing calmly by,
New forms, new scenes, come glancing on the eye;
In light and shade reflect their varied hue,
And teach, — *Yield* up the OLD, *accept* the NEW.
We're here to-night this lesson to receive,
And, as it teaches, in the future live.

Yet, ere we part, one word of witching spell
Enchains the heart, the tongue : it is *Farewell*.
It casts its spell o'er every feeling heart,
And bids us linger as from friends we part ;
E'en things invisible assert the power,
And strangely bind us to the parting hour, —
That deepest feeling of the heart refined,
Which casts "one longing, lingering look behind."

And so, Old Year, ere we should bid adieu
To all our pleasures, labors, and to You,

A pleasing, retrospective eye we've cast,
And fondly lingered as we've felt 'twas — LAST.
Thanks for thy gifts! Thanks, dear, departing
Year,

As on thy grave we drop the parting tear.
Much hast thou ta'en, withheld, but more hast
given,

To fill our earthly cup, and win to heaven;
And, though dark shadows on thy mem'ry rest,
Of all thy lengthened train we'll crown thee best.
Good-by, Old Year, with all of wrong and strife,
And to the New pledge we a Better Life;
With our great Leader, march we bravely on,
Nor give the battle o'er till victory is won!

But lo! the scene recedes, and broke the spell,
As sadly strikes the ear the word, — Farewell.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

I.

SEE! oh see! the morn is breaking,
With the heaven's own dazzling light;
Angel-choirs are sweetly singing,
Filling earth with pure delight.
Round and round it far is spreading,
Never, never more to cease;
Glad to earth the tidings bringing,
Joy to men, good will, and peace!
Thus our Saviour's reign revealing,
It unveils our future home;
Gently o'er us moving, stealing,
Hear it whisper, — come, oh come!

Hear, O dear one! hear this singing;
Let it mould thine every thought,

So control thy thoughts and feeling,
Love for Christ in thee be wrought.
As it goes on swelling, swelling,
Bend, oh bend a ready ear,
Till all of sin from thee expelling,
White as snow thy heart appear :
So the spirit in thee dwelling,
Lowly then shall Christ-like be ;
Then shall joy, all joy excelling,
Crown thy life with victory.

II.

A GEM ! a gem ! it glistens bright,
As out it comes in broad day-light !
How hundreds gather round the spot
To know who'll have, or who will not !
Look, how they peer with anxious eyes
To see who'll gain the precious prize !
But only one THIS prize can gain,
And all the rest must strive in vain.
A gem ! a gem ! the angels cry,
A gem that comes from out the sky !
A priceless gem of worth untold,
And precious more than gain of gold !
'Twas found in heaven, 'twas stamped on earth,
But here, alas ! unknown its worth.
Few gathered round where this was laid,
Nor long to gain the prize they stayed ;
But ready were to scorn the Gem,
Though safety's amulet for them.

They trod it down, they bleared its mark,
And gloried in their deed so dark.
Trod down it was, but not for ever :
The body crushed, the spirit never ;
Again 'tis found, but now 'tis many,
To be secured, and worn by any.
'*Twas* ONE : in myriad pieces broken,
'Tis cherished now as virtue's holiest token, —
The Cross, the Cross ! the Christian's symbol,
The richest prize for one and all.

III.

YOUTHFUL mysteries disappear,
As day by day goes by;
Little by little, year by year,
Till seem they sham or lie.
In our young days 'tis grand good fun,
When Christmas comes along,
To hear the wassailers' stories spun,
The merry Christmas song.

'Tis sport enough to hear the deer,
That draws old Santa Claus,
To our own chimney drawing near,
And at our door-step pause.
It shakes our sides Old Nick to see,
In mock heroic clothes,
Swaying about his Christmas tree,
As he his gifts bestows.

Yes ! fun enough when we are young ;
But age strips off the mask,

Then shows and shams away are flung,
And truth is what we ask.
The old man goes, but truths abide,
'Tis Christmas, Christmas, still :
The Christ is still the maiden's guide,
If love controls her will.

And better gifts than those of youth
Come with the Holiday, —
The precious gifts of grace and truth,
Through Him, the Life, the Way.
The gifts are sweet just as before,
The hands as kind that give ;
But these are valued more and more,
The longer we shall live.
Cherish the day, then, deep and true,
Its meaning free of dross :
Life has its sports of transient hue,
But never fades the Cross.

IV.

JESUS the Saviour, born to-day,
On children smile e'en while they play :
He speaks in love to girls and boys,
To soothe their griefs, to grace their joys;
Yea, more, — he takes them by the hand,
To guide them to the Better Land ;
And points out clear the blessed road
That leads to his divine abode.
Hark ! He speaks to every child,
In charmèd words, both soft and mild, —
" Two roads there are your sight within :
The one is broad, the road of sin ;
The Tempter stands near by its gate,
And, urging, says, Oh do not wait !
Come in, come in ! oh see my flowers !
Come sit beneath my fragrant bowers ;
Come take my cup, he winning says,
As he his flaunting banner sways !

But, boys, take care! the *thorns* he HIDES,
Nor shows how near the serpent glides !
Who goes in there will downward go,
And reach, at length, the land of woe.

" But look you here (Christ speaks again) :
A path more narrow, straight and plain ;
But 'TIS MY OWN, — I pray you come ;
'Twill take ye to my blessed home.
The entrance hard, but smooth 'twill grow,
As down the valley's waters flow :
Go in, go on, and very soon
'Twill be as bright as month of June :
There flowers their sweetest fragrance shed ;
There birds sing blithely overhead ;
The trees their loaded branches bend,
And all their balmy foliage lend :
No serpents there shall round thee glide,
But angels sing on every side ;
Their words shall be, — boy, bend to hear
As they shall draw to you anear, —
Keep in this path ; be good, be wise ;
Your God and duty ever prize ;

Be kind, obedient, loving me :
Then you the Happy Land shall see,
The shining gate shall enter in.
No sorrow there, nor death, nor sin,
But one 'house beautiful' your dwelling ever,
Where friends and kindred meet, no more to
sever."

V.

TELL me, niece, and tell me true,
Is't not something strange and new,
That, for you and me, this morn,
A Saviour Christ is truly born?
That he comes this very day,
And bids his angels sing the lay,
Peace to you, and peace to all,
Who will hear their Saviour's call;
Peace to every willing soul,
Who will come and share his fold?

Sweet girl, listen! hear the word
Which is spoken by the Lord:
As to-day you laugh and play,
Think that he's the only "Way;"
As you grow in life and youth,
Think of him alone as "Truth;"
As you join in care and strife,
Remember he alone is "Life."

He alone the " Way " can show,
How in goodness you can grow ;
He alone the " Truth " can teach,
How his kingdom you can reach ;
He alone the " Life " bestow,
Bliss above and bliss below.
Be your thoughts, then, Christ-like, pure,
Thus a happy mind secure ;
Then, your feelings good and kind,
Peace within and joy you'll find ;
Then your actions, always right,
Shall be crowned with heavenly light ;
Then true and loving, wise and just,
In God and Christ your strongest trust ;
Then men below shall give you aid,
And heaven for you with gems be laid.

NEW YEAR.

SANTA, old Santa, is here again, — whack ;
How funny and queer is he !
He bears with a grin, on his fur-covered back,
A large and a stuffed and a wonderful pack,
Which he opens and shuts with a singular knock,
As hither and thither he swingeth his tree !

A singing old fellow this Santa Claus is,
His heart full of joy and glee !
You cannot but laugh at his comical phiz,
As he tosses his gifts to that one and this, —
Or sends them down chimneys with a terrible
whiz,
Or shaketh them out from his Christmas tree.

Old Santa Claus a good fellow, they say,
With glittering gems and gifts on his tree :

He stuffs them in stockings by night or by day,
As to you "Merry Christmas!" he trolls on his
way,
And cheers up the young as they sportively play :
A frolicsome, kind old fellow is he !

Santa, old Santa, thus trudging along,
Merrily swings his holly-decked tree !
And cheerily sings he, all the night long,
Of angels, that wonderful Christmas song,
Peace on earth, with voice shaky but strong :
A muscular old Christian is he !

Ye children, give hail to old Santa Claus,
Scattering his *bonbons* so free !
And all, for a moment, then silently pause,
And each echo back with glowing applause, —
Far better the gift than all of earth's toys, —
"Peace on earth, and good-will, ever be !"

SPRING.

UNSEEN spirits tread the mountains,
Through the meadows, o'er the plains ;
Streams o'erflow as living fountains,
Swollen by soft or sudden rains.
Springing out and up around us
Is the blossom, bud, and spire,
Which like miracles astound us,
Or, rejoicing, we admire.

Freshly willow-tags are dancing,
And the elm's of browner hue ;
Sunlight o'er the tulip glancing,
Or the violet gemmed with dew ;
Snow-drop, crocus, hyacinth,
Thrust their heads through earth and snow ;
Brownish bulbs a short time since,
Now, uprising, sweetly blow.

Fringed with green, just tipt the branches,
Freshly dipped in nature's dye,
As the season more advances,
Bourgeon forth to bless the eye.
Bird and insect, loudly singing,
Fill the air with music sweet ;
Nature to the altar bringing
Offerings rich, with love replete.

Come, O man ! and do not falter,
Image ye of Love Divine ;
Bring thyself to his great altar,
Thus o'er all superior shine.

H O P E.

'TIS HOPE, sister Faith, who comes at thy call,
To flood with her light the bosoms of all ;
Beauteous they call me, and sweet to behold,
With fairest of locks in nettings of gold.
I come to awaken the happiest of dreams,
And fulness of scope to the fondest of schemes ;
To captives their freedom, to sick men their health,
To lovers a victory, the beggar his wealth.
Enchanter am I, in whose herbaries grow
Wreaths for each toil and charms for each woe ;
Who whispereth pleasure in every new song,
And calleth on echo the strain to prolong.
Eternal, say poets, I "spring in the breast ;
Man never is, but always to be blest ;"
For uneasy the soul is, away from its home,
And only finds rest in the new one to come !
Then speak, sister Faith, say, is it not so ?
Our hope is in heaven, and not here below.

THE LITTLE CUP OF TEARS.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

THREE days, three nights, with bitter tears,
A mother wept her darling child ;
Three days, three nights, with anguished fears,
Her frantic grief was sad and wild.

Three days, three nights, the needed food,
She to her wants and lips denied ;
And on the self-same spot now stood
As where her little daughter died.

'Twas then, through softly opened door,
Came in the dear departed one ;
An angel's dress of beauty wore,
A seraph's smile already won.

And in her hand she held a cup,
Of tiny form and magic spell,

Full with her mother's tears, caught up
By morning's angel as they fell.

"Mother," she said, "I'm happy now,
And all is well with me above ;
Before the throne in praise I bow,
And with the blessed dwell in love.

"Then, dearest mother, weep no more,
This cup of tears must not o'erflow ;
A single drop will run it o'er,
And then my fate is future woe."

The mother's eyes quick sought the brim
And felt the warning timely given ;
Thenceforth, her sight no longer dim,
The vanished child found bliss in heaven.

THE RESTLESS LITTLE BOY,

AND WHAT BEFELL HIM.

ONCE lived a restless little boy,
Who never could be still ;
He pulled at this, he tugged at that,
With strong, unyielding will ;
He plagued his pa, he plagued his ma,
His uncle, as to that,
And worried all within the house,
Much more than dog or cat.
"Be still," — "be quiet," — "be less rude,"
Were echoed round and round,
But yet no peace within the house
Could, up or down, be found.
'Twas turning here or twisting there,
Whether at church or school,

And though they coaxed, and though they
switched,

Restless and rude his rule :

They plead, they chided more and more,

“Be still,” — “be not so rude ;”

And, though it came from aunts and all,

They found it did no good.

One summer's day, with heat o'ercome,

And tired with boisterous play,

On parlor floor he fell asleep, —

Face up, back down, he lay.

He dreamt : — some fairies, spying round,

Came briskly through the door ;

They took some strings, they took some pegs,

And bound him to the floor :

With these, of cunning, magic strength,

They fastened down his hair ;

With other cords his shoulders bound,

Then tied his body there :

One round his knees then made him fast ;

Another, round the feet ;

And then our restless little boy
A prisoner was complete.
Their work now done, they rushed away,
And left him fast asleep,
But left the great, wide door ajar,
That through it they might peep.

The dreamer woke ! his look, how strange !
He tried in vain to move,
For tighter drew the magic bands,
The more and more he strove.
He cried, he bawled, — but all for naught,
For well was done their work ;
The more he tried, the more he cried,
The broader was their smirk.

At length, tired out, FOR ONCE WAS STILL,
And fell to sleep again ;
Then in they rushed, and round him swung,
And, passing, touched his brain !
Again he dreamt : how strange, how wild !
But all unconscious dreamed ;

The scene to him so vivid was,
A real one it seemed.
They fluttered o'er his little head,
And whispered in his ear
Words mysterious, soft, and sweet,
But these could plainly hear :
" Ye restless one, give us the pledge,
If we will set you free,
That, henceforth, you will nevermore
Nor rude nor restless be."

Amazed, alarmed, he gave the pledge :
" Henceforth I will be still ;
At school, at church, at home, abroad,
By force of thought and will."
And, after this, if restless he,
They only had to say,
" Remember, boy, the fairies dream,"
And he was stilled away.

PRINCE HALEWYN.

A LEGEND.

LORD HALEWYN, the Prince,
The gallant and gay,
Most bewitchingly sung
A curious old lay.
The fair daughters of kings,
And of princes the pride,
From this court and that,
He charmed to his side :
They rushed to his palace,
They buzzed round the flame,
But oh ! never returned, —
Or returned but with shame.

A neighboring king's daughter,
Beguiled by his song,

Had a feeling awakened,
As curious as strong :
" I'll meet him in person,
To his court will repair ;
I'll redress others' wrongs,
Or their fate bravely share."

But though curious and brave,
And romantically bent,
She must first seek her friends,
And gain their consent.

She went to her father,
And she fell at his feet,
And made known her wishes,
In tones earnest and sweet :

" Father, dear father,
To the Prince let me go."

But quickly he answered :

" Oh, no ! my child, no !
Gone, gone have the many,
And gone with fair fame,
But have never returned, —
Or returned but with shame."

She went to her mother, —

“Mother, consent that I go ;”

But she answered as quickly :

“Oh, no ! my child, no !

Plead ne’er a word more,

Your words are in vain ;

For they who go thither,

Return not again.”

She went to her sister, —

“Sis, consent that I go ;”

But, with sisterly love,

She answered her, — “No :

Your aim it is noble,

But surely you’ll fall ;

For the fate of the first

Is the fate of them all.”

Thwarted and vexed,

To her brother she sped :

“To the Prince let me go,”

She beseechingly said.

“Oh ! little do I care,”

Was the answer he gave ;

"But, O sister ! be sure
Your honor to save :
Go ; go, if you will ;
I smile not, nor frown ;
But be sure to bring back,
Unstained, honor and crown."

These words were enough ;
So, with speed and with art,
She prepared to perform
Her well-conceived part, —
Took helmet and hauberk,
Her shield and her spear,
And sought him full-armed,
In his own regal sphere.

The welcome was courteous,
Kind greetings were flung,
The wine-cup was proffered,
And the song it was sung.
But, unmoved in her aim,
She sought him in fight ;

And he took up her glove,
 In seeming delight.
They spurred to the field,
 Without rashness or fear, —
Both armed at all points,
 Both wielding the spear.
Then on came the conflict ;
 'Twas sharp, but not long ;
For the spell had departed
 From person and song.
She grappled, — she clove him ;
 The shock brought him down ;
And home she returned,
 With honor and crown.

'Tis the counsel of ages,
 To old and to young,
From poets and sages,
 The wisest who've sung, —
 " Yearn to know and to do ;"
But gain first the consent
 Of friends constant and true :

Then gird ye with Faith,
 In Truth shielded strong,
A panoply sure
 From the Tempter's bland song :
Then, if conflict must come,
 With courage bear down,
And be sure to bring back
 Both honor and crown.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

A PERSIAN TALE.

A PERSIAN poet tells a tale,
 In quiet, simple strain,
 How fear of death did once prevail,
 And human wills restrain : —

THE TALE.

"The angel Death to Lokman said :
 'An answer to this question give in, —
 How is't three thousand years have sped,
 And you no house have built to live in?'

"'O Azrael ! ever dogging at our heels,
 My answer is a short but sad one :
 Thus dogged, — to build, the merest fool
 Would justly, truly call me mad one.'

"So Lokman, to his dying day,
Looked ever on this dark and blank side;
Lived in a hut of reeds and clay,
A-making baskets on the bankside."

.

The Christian fears not thus to die ;
But, armed with faith, with foresight filled,
He builds to live, and, lives to build
Eternal mansions in the sky. '

FAITH ILLUSTRATED.

CECIL'S STORY OF THE BEADS.

A SAINTED man, tradition saith,
Who felt the worth of Christian faith,
Standing, one day, his daughter by,
With loving heart, observant eye,
Seized on the time one truth to teach
That might her inner nature reach, —
Took this wise way to sow the seed,
His child's deep want in hour of need.

'Twas there, in quiet, happy mood,
Near to the hearth on which he stood,
His daughter played with string of beads,
On which the blue to red succeeds;
Pretty, but paltry, glittering bright,
To dazzle childhood's simple sight;
He watched her laugh, her tender touch,
And saw she loved them, — oh, how much !

"My child," he said, with serious air,
"Pretty, those beads which you have there?"
"Yes, pa." "Now, then, throw them i' the fire."
The child looked up, with one strong gaze,
Of hesitation and amaze.
"Do as you please, my daughter dear,
But, learn this truth, most certain, clear :
Your father never would, nor could,
Ask you to act but for your good."

Quick as a flash, as quickly o'er,
A struggle came, ne'er felt before ;
But, to her instincts sweetly true,
Into the fire her beads she threw.

"'Tis well, my child ! there let them lie, —
Hereafter learn my reasons why ;
The day will come, and not in vain,
When you shall hear of them again."

Returning home one festal day,
He met his daughter blithe and gay :
A casket in his hand he bore,

The like she ne'er had seen before ;
'Twas filled with beads, — with trinkets rare,
And richer gems, that sparkled there.

As o'er the child the vision stole,
Her gazing eyes in rapture roll.

" My child, 'tis yours, — a gift to thee,
Because you put your trust in me, —
Gave up, in faith, a trifling toy,
And, in return, comes this great joy.
Have, my dear child, like faith in God ;
Be his will yours, his pathways trod ;
And then shall come the great reward, —
The promised gifts, that gem his Word."

FAITH AND WORKS.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

A SAINTED monk, who led a life,
Far, far away from noise and strife,
In hermit cell, in forest wild, —
A useless one, but undefiled, —
Thought that from heaven a voice he heard,
Which both his pride and conscience stirred :

"Serene," it said, "the life spent here,
But not so good, nor perfect near,
As his, — the cobbler's, — far away,
A dweller in Alexandria."

Startled by this, abroad he roved,
To find this man of Heaven approved ;
He sought, he found ; and, as a test,
Such words as these to him addressed :
"Pray tell me, sir, what you have done,
By which such praise from Heaven was won."

"So simple, sir, so plain the mould,
A cobbler's tale is quickly told :
Early each morn to prayer I go,
For friends or foes, in weal or woe ;
Then through the day on bench I sit,
A meagre living so to get ;
Avoiding falsehood's evil way,
No foes deceive, nor friends betray ;
Forgetting not the suffering poor,
A pittance give from scanty store.
Such is the sum of my poor life,
Passed in the midst of noise and strife."

Here ends the tale ; but tell, who can :
Returned this monk a wiser man ?
Abjured he cell and mystic quirks,
To take the cobbler's creed of "works" ? —
That creed of faith and love combined,
The perfect one for human kind.

DESIGN IN CREATION.

FOUNDED ON FACT. CECIL.

AH, the good man ! with serious air,
 And brow all knit with anxious care ;
 Follow him down his garden plot,
 To one selected, fertile spot,
 Where hours had flown in pleasant toil,
 To mellow and enrich the soil :
 There see him now, with sense of joy,
 Trace clear the name of his dear boy,
 Strew in those furrows seeds of cress,
 Then smooth the ground with gentleness.

Days quick flew by, till one bright morn,
 His boy came running o'er the lawn,
 Calling, — " Father ! thy footsteps stay,
 For I have something strange to say :
 Down in the garden, I declare,
 My name is *growing plainly there.*"

"Poh! poh! my son, you would provoke,
Or play on me some childish joke!"

"No, no, dear father: come and see;
Come, come! you must along with me!"

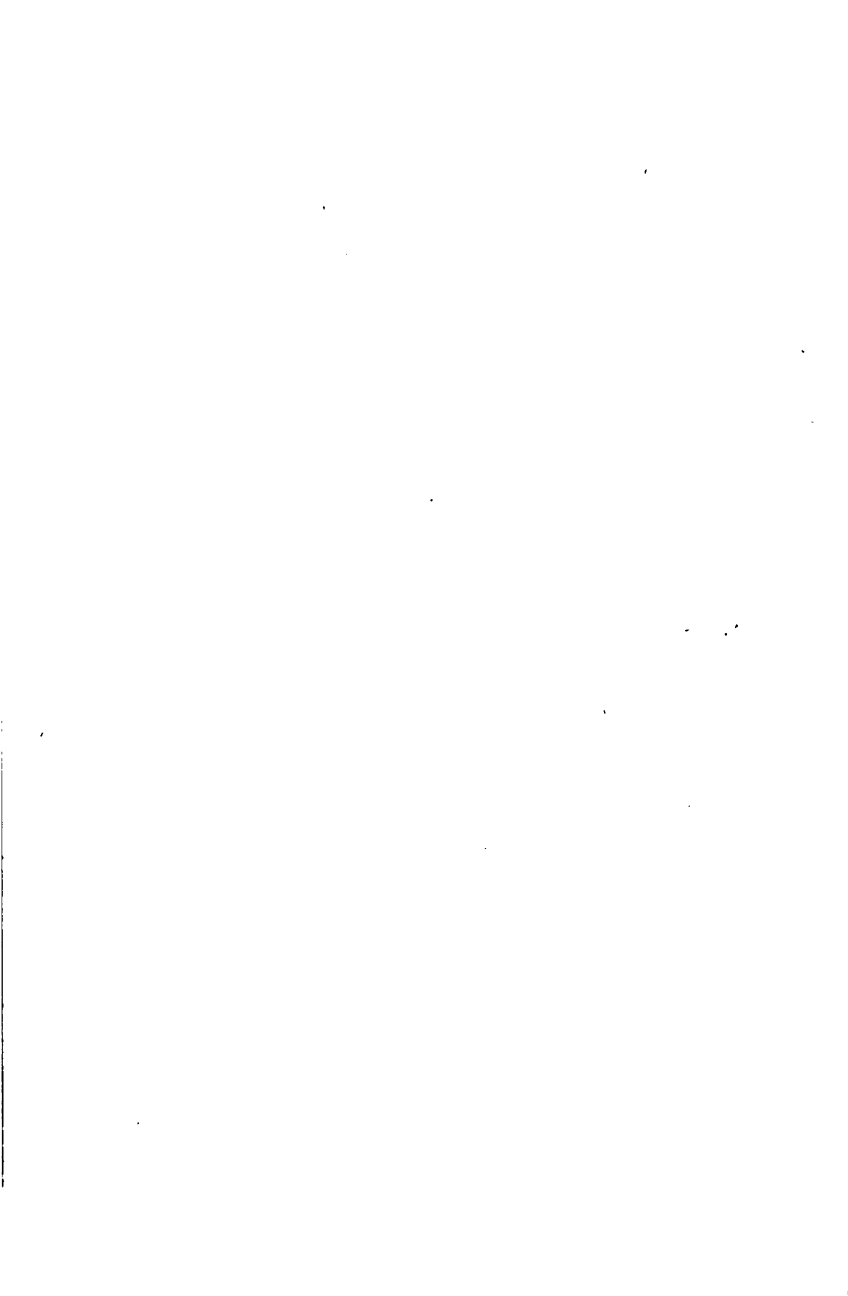
Drawn toward the spot, they spied the row,
Chatting, 'twas strange that names should grow!
Near and more near to it they came,
And there, full-grown, they saw the name!

"My son," he said, as both advance,
"'Tis so; but came it not by chance?"

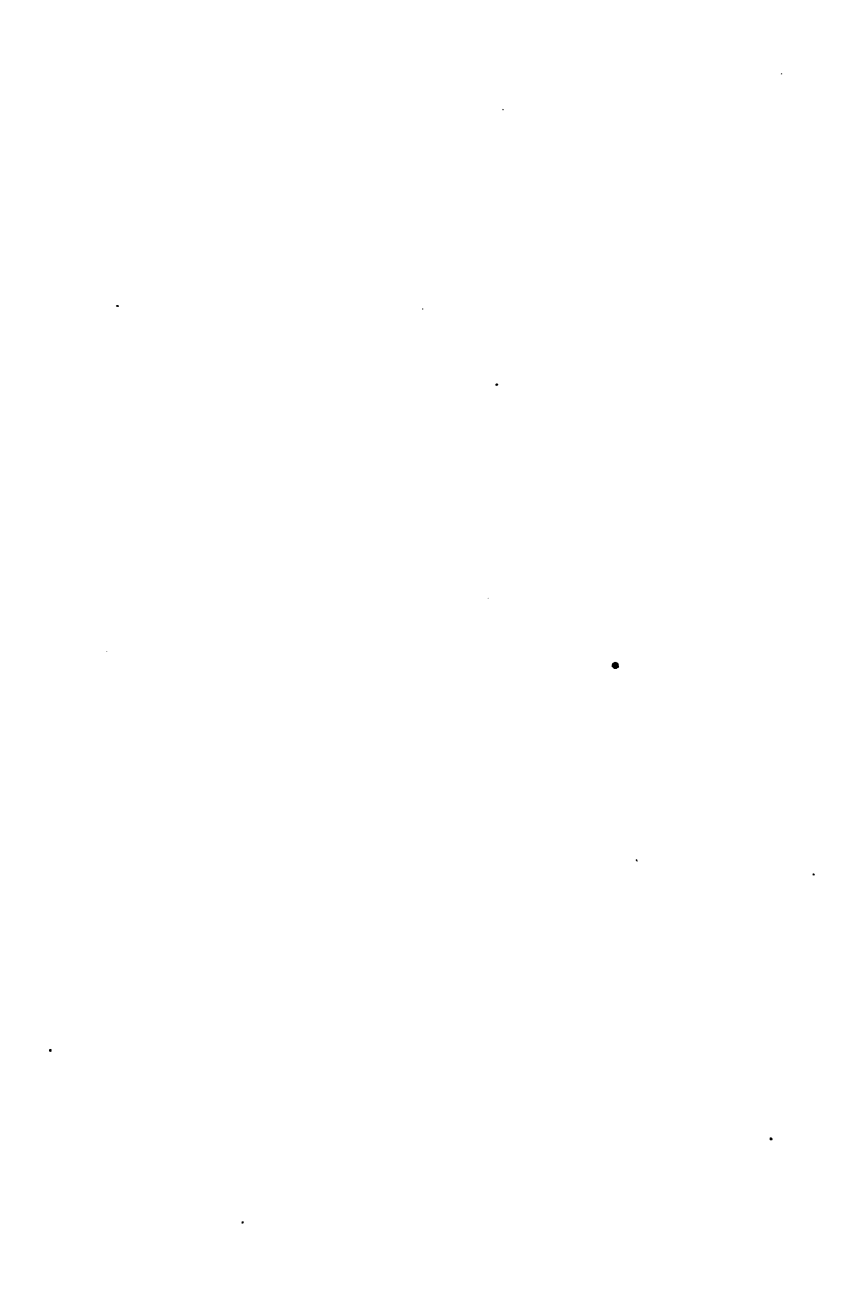
"No, no, dear father! chance 'tis none,
It was *contrived, on purpose done!*"

The father's joy was unrestrained,
For now his point was fully gained:
"You're right, my child: contrived it was,
To teach you him, the First Great Cause.
Look up, and see that deep-blue arch,
Through which the worlds in order march;

Look down, and scan the beauteous flower,
Unwrought by any human power ;
Observe your hand, — your curious eye, —
Your form of perfect symmetry ;
And, more than all, your thinking mind :
These all contrived, these all designed,
Give instant proof, as sunlight clear,
That a Creator's hand was here,
With purpose, plans, and means to ends,
In which, with power, sweet mercy blends.
'Tis God, my child, the Great First Cause,
Who speaks in love, through nature's laws
Revealing him, as this, your name,
Reveals the hand by which it came, —
From earthly sire, not chance, my son,
Who lives in him, the All in One.



PRIMAL TRUTHS.



PRIMAL TRUTHS.

I.

THE CHILD.

THE human child hath done no sin,
For blame to bear, or praise to win ;
The praise or blame must yet be won,
By sinful acts or good deeds done.

II.

THE YOUTH.

THE hopeful youth, who spans his teens,
And would succeed, must steady tread :
Must learn of life the All it means,
Take Virtue's path, by Truth be led.

III.

THE MAN.

THE man is what the past has made him,
But can control his nature still ;
And, if the Tempter has betrayed him,
Can conquer yet, if but he *will*.

IV.

MATRIMONY.

WHEN we go to the altar with smiles on the face,
And the ring is put on with a charming good grace,
The heart in the hand, and congenial the choice,
'Tis a call never ceasing to enjoy and rejoice ;
'Tis the union of souls approved of by Heaven,
And treason to which is the sin unforgiven.

V.

HOME.

" How pleasant 'tis to see
Birds in their nests agree ! "

So writes the children's poet ;

But in these loving words,
Symbolled by nest of birds,
Comes (and the world should know it)
The highest type of life, —
The cot, the man, the wife,
And joys most delightsome, —
Where, germs of coming years,
The rising race appears, —
'Tis home, — the Christian home.

Within this charmèd spot,
The rich and poor man's lot,
All love is centred :
Here each the other plights ;
Here heart with heart unites,
And heaven on earth is entered.

VI.

COMMERCE.

SOME business in life is the call to us all,
Whether high in the mart or down in the stall ;
With ploughshare or needle, with hammer or pen,
Work in the kitchen or out among men.

If done with a cheer, and with right for its aim,
Success must attend it, if riches nor fame, —
Success that is highest life's lottery e'er draws,
The busy world's outward, the soul's inward
applause.

VII.

THE TEACHER.

WITH love in his heart, and knowledge in hand,
The teacher goes forth, wise, cheerful, and bland ;
Takes captive at once the hearts of the young,
Who listen and learn as if sirens had sung :
The strong hand of force is kept wisely from sight,
While wisdom and tact are his weapons of might :
He toils on in hope, and daily grows wise,
As the tools of the teacher he steadily plies ;
He mellows with age, and lies down to die,
With the hope of reward that cheers from on high.

VIII.

RELIGION.

RELIGION, that's true, hath but one end and aim,
The soul's highest good, or happiness, the same ;

Through *Purity's* eye the dear Father would see,
And e'er present with him, one in spirit would be ;
To him, drawn by *Love*, would come near and
more near, —

That Love that casts out every vestige of Fear :
These, crowned by OBEDIENCE, as means and as
test,

Find approval within, the reward of the blest.

IX.

THE BIBLE.

THE races are many, the Religious but one,
And this guerdon divine the Hebrew hath won ;
Its life from the first, even down to the last,
In the mould of the Bible is truthfully cast :
In Genesis, Exodus, Psalms, Gospels of Grace,
'The true spirit of God flows out from this race, —
In Patriarch, King, in Prophet and Son,
His Will through their writings like golden threads
run ;

Yea ! rich golden threads all through and through-
out,

The bases of truth, the destroyers of doubt :

In history, in poetry, in teachings of love,
They all bear the impress of truth from above :
As the soul of the creature whose image divine
Sees the hand of its Maker in each glowing line,
The spirit of Goodness, of Justice, and Truth
Imparts to them all an imperishable youth :
God's Will thus disclosed gives a sense of the
 Right,
So the good can but listen and assent with delight ;
Or, read by the wicked, so plain the decree,
That, Conscience awakened, they turn, or they flee.
No book but the Bible is written like this,
That seizing the soul leads it onward to bliss ;
Unveiling those longings, so deathless and fond,
The hope of the soul for the Life that's beyond.

X.

JESUS, THE SAVIOUR.

THE product he of all the ages,
And wisest he of all the sages ;
The essence he of all the past ;
The greatest Prophet, — and the last.
His wisdom was from God above,

And all compressed in one word, LOVE :
The all of truth man's mind can span, —
Love, love to God, and love to man ;
The one great truth by Jesus given,
That heaven might come to earth, and earth be
heaven.

XI.

OLD AGE.

SERENE old age, the lot of few,
Is one of rarest beauty ;
The gift of Heaven to crown the true,
The blissful heritage of duty, —
Duty, the goal from first to last,
And hope and faith the sweet repast.

XII.

IMMORTALITY.

MAN ever feels he cannot die, —
The germ of immortality ;
A conscious life within him springs,
And with it hope perennial brings ;
So made, he so must needs believe,

As God, who made, cannot deceive.
Doubts brooded long this mystery o'er,
And gloomed his prospect more and more ;
So, once for all, to close the strife,
Christ came and taught the future life,
And, shedding light o'er mortal gloom,
Triumphant rose from out the tomb,
To prove the spirit's life to sense,
By act of God's omnipotence.

XIII.

THE SPIRITUAL.

THE credulous and the incredulous
Are types of mind that bide with us :
Here faith too much, there not enough ;
So common sense gives both rebuff.
MATTER the senses recognize,
But they for SPIRIT have no eyes.
When a new sense to man is given,
He then shall see the things of heaven, —
Those things unseen, before unknown,
Whose orbit is the Eternal's throne.

IN MEMORIAM.



IN MEMORIAM.

The poet laureate of England has written many pieces,—indeed, a whole volume, “In Memoriam,”—of one beloved and lamented friend. In a few of the pages that follow will be found a single piece to each of a few departed relatives or friends,—the youthful and the venerable, the wise and the good, “the loved and the lost.”

GRACE,

DAUGHTER OF C. F. B., DIED FEBRUARY, 1870.

AH, the sweet flower! which, as it grew,
We loved and cherished for its sweetness,—
Cherished, as the happy moments flew,
Nor scarcely marked their silent fleetness.

We knew 'twas frail, that it would die;
But only watched with joy its blooming,—
The tints it caught from out the sky,
Its scent the air around perfuming.

How deep the joy to soul and sense,
Through all its life to all imparting !
Its fragrance more and more intense,
And sweetest, purest, when departing.

By angel hands transported now,
Through heaven's bright, uplifted portal,
We'll view it there, and humbly bow
To bathe our souls in thoughts immortal.

"Comfort my people," saith the Lord ;
And ye, my friends, be comforted :
Your spirit-flower is whispering, heard,
"My home is heaven, — not with the dead."

CAROLINE C.,

DAUGHTER OF J. W., ESQ., DETROIT, 1865.

A LITTLE flower, with name so dear,
 Shed fragrance round its earthly lot :
 'Twas yesterday it flourished here ;
 To-day 'tis not.

Its bud and blossom, all of grace,
 Rich promise gave to eye and ear :
 But yesterday it grew apace ;
 To-day, not here.

The Owner came, and broke the stem,
 And bore it to a brighter sphere,
 Whence angels whisper, " Ours the gem, —
 Not lost, but here.

" Transplanted to these groves above,
 We guard and guide, and hold it dear,

And speaks, through us, these words of love :
Not lost, but here.

" With eyes of faith pierce through the mist,
And catch its spirit form so clear ;
And ever to our chanting list :
Not lost, but here."

LUCY JANE,

DAUGHTER OF J. F. P., ESQ., APRIL, 1866.

THE sunshine of her early days
How sweet on Lucy's path along !
None knew her but to love and praise,
Or listen to her life's sweet song.

So gentle, so refined, so pure,
The idol of her parents' home,
No treasured wealth could seem more sure,
Or less to fear of loss to come.

Child, maiden, wife, her earthly lot,
And sweetly touched was every tone ;
And not a note, or grace, or rest, forgot,
Till health had failed, and strength was gone.

Chromatics, — they must needs come in,
A deeper, richer strain to give ;

And patience then the heart must win,
And faith profound for those who grieve.

Thus life's a scene of smiles and tears,
Of sunshine, showers, and changing gloom,
Of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Of cradle, altar, and the tomb.

The smiles as sunshine start the flowers ;
The tears, like dew and rain, the root :
Without the sunshine and the showers,
There could be neither growth nor fruit.

The fruit has ripened, — gathered now,
The angel-reaper's work is done :
Let resignation bend us low,
And solace find in life begun, —

The life on high ! — no pain, no tear,
No death, shall reach or try us there ;
And this dear child shall reappear,
And bloom and bliss immortal share.

MRS. JULIA P.,

WIFE OF A. H. W., ÆT. 20, DIED 1869.

LIFE is a gift, a gift of love,
 Not all of earth, but from above ;
 It comes a child, and grows apace
 To rounded form and pretty face :
 It basks beneath a parent's eye,
 And draws from thence a rich supply ;
 It sips, it quaffs of learned lore,
 And grows in strength for evermore, —
 A growth of spirit more than earth,
 Prophetic of immortal birth.
 And yet, alas ! the finite's here :
 The body's groan, the spirit's tear ;
 A brittle vase, a flower of clay,
 Admired awhile, and gone to-day.

Our Julia such ! she, sweet-formed bud,
 Perfect in form before us stood :

Gentle, sparkling, cheerful, true,
On earth she lived with heaven in view ;
Was infant, maiden, woman, wife,
And rounded thus her fragile life ;
Drank the rich cup the Father gave,
Full from the cradle to the grave ;
Drank it in faith, the cross beside,
Resigned her will, and calmly died ;
And fearless, now, has ope'd the gate,
Where long lost-friends for greeting wait, —
A mother's face the first to see,
And heaven enough with her to be ;
And, gathering round, the angelic host,
Who taste of blessedness the most,
Through shining ranks shall bear her on,
To joys unknown at God's bright throne.

Oh weep her not ! her course is run,
And left no work of life undone :
Oh weep her not ! her soul is sealed,
And needs no more from sin a shield :
Weep not for her, for she is blest,
Where love and thought are final rest :

Weep not for her, but strive to be
As sweet, as pure, as true, as she ;
And, looking forth to worlds afar,
Be hers for you a guiding star.

MRS. LOUISA B.,

WIFE OF F. H. B., M.D., DIED 1865.

OH, how that face comes back to me
In other days we loved to see !
So mildly sweet, so sweetly mild,
'Twas nature's whisper, " Undefiled ! "

And, fondly gazing there awhile,
Bewitching sweet came dimpled smile ;
To every kindly thought 'twas kin,
And spoke of peace and joy within.

Listening, the voice we used to hear,
Comes echoing back to memory dear,
In tones so rich, so soft, so fine,
Its breathings seemed all but divine.

And then her hand, whose loving touch
In friendly grasp expressed so much,

The old man's heart renewed with youth,
And spoke to all of love and truth.

In hand and smile, in voice and face,
'Tis thus her living soul we trace, —
The earthly casket, richly given,
To hold within the pearl of heaven.

Too good for earth, her angel came
And on the casket wrote her name,
But took the pearl of deathless price,
And bore it safe to paradise.

OLIVER H. S.,

DIED, ÆT. 22, AT THE INSANE HOSPITAL, 1864.

FRESH his form in memory lingers,
As he trod the paths of youth,
Printed there by those sweet fingers,
Innate kindness, goodness, truth.

Flashed his eye with taste and beauty,
Drinking in all forms of art ;
Faithful he to calls of duty,
With a warm and genial heart.

On he pressed with joy and gladness,
To the goal set up for all ;
But the gloom, and oh, the sadness,
Blight should e'er on blossoms fall !

Ah ! too frail the spirit's casket,
 Gem within to hold or save,
Though friends and parents bend and ask it
 Earnestly of Him who gave.

O'er, o'er his mind there came eclipse,
 Veiling more and more its rays :
Soul was there, but oh ! the lips
 Presaged the darkly coming maze.

'Gainst its bars in prison beating,
 How it longed to be set free !
Clothed anew, as upward fleeting,
 Seen by all as angels see.

Frail the body, strong the spirit ;
 So the struggle was not long :
Dust to dust that all inherit,
 Soul to soul's, of angel-throng !

There his powers, unveiled in glory,
 Speak again in accents true ;

Listening there to life's solved story,
Happy waits, dear friends, for you ;

Waits in peace at heaven's own portal,
Calm, uplifted, full, refined :
There he waits in bliss immortal,
Clothed anew, in his right mind.

L I N E S

ON THE DEATH OF R. W. B., ESQ., OF BOSTON,

A VALUED FRIEND.

GONE ! gone ! that active mind ;
Gone that faithful, wise, good spirit ;
Gone, another sphere to find,
More perfect blessings to inherit.

Here it shared in human strife,
Here it yearned for native purity :
Now it has eternal life,
And bliss in all futurity.

Thus to-day the opening flower
Full of fragrance unexpressed,
To-morrow, crushed by dint of power,
Fills the air with odors blessed.

Here it had its foes and fears,
Here it suffered much and deeply :

Now 'tis where there are no tears,
Where it lives and loves most sweetly.

Here it groped in mental night,
Long with dreary doubt contended ;
Now it bathes in heavenly light,
Where all its fears and doubts are ended.

Here it toiled to aid its friends,
Here soften woe and every sorrow :
Now it toils for higher ends,
With angel strength he well may borrow.

Here it loved the rapturous song,
Swelled in praise of God around us :
Now it joins the angelic throng,
To swell with them an endless chorus.

Here 'twas wrapt in pious love,
Here enjoyed the mount of vision :
Now, in purer realms above,
It bathes in joys and bliss Elysian.

MRS. SARAH AUGUSTA,

WIFE OF E. W., ESQ., DIED SUDDENLY, 1867.

THAT saint of old, who "walked with God,"
How nobly true his lengthened lot,
In perfect faith earth's course he trod,
And then — "was not."

"God took him," — took him to his rest;
All trial, trouble, sorrow, o'er;
Gave him to dwell in mansions blest,
For evermore.

So lived, so walked, our sister here,
No act of love or duty e'er forgot;
Filled to perfection woman's sphere,
And then "was not."

God took her, — took her to his rest,
All cares and worldly sorrows o'er;

Took her to dwell in mansions blest, —
Oh ! evermore.

That vital spark, so bright below,
On spirit-wings must upward soar,
And "clothed upon" with life shall glow
For evermore.

MRS. MARY S.,

WIDOW OF THE LATE E. H., ESQ., DIED 1865.

DEAR mother in Israel ! thou too hast fled,
 To join the long train of the much-honored dead :
 Thy frame to the dust, thy soul to the blest,
 Where the wicked cease troubling, the weary find
 rest.

Dear mother in Israel ! the while thou wert here,
 Thou wert precious to friends, to thy children most
 dear :
 How cheerful and busy ! how faithful, how kind !
 Thy pleasure in duty the choicest to find.

Then, mother in Israel ! what gladness was thine,
 When the lost of the earth in rapture did join,
 To give thee a welcome of heart-glowing love,
 To their home in the heavens, — God's kingdom
 above !

There rest thee, dear spirit! there rest thee in
peace!

Thy heart-burthened cares all suffered to cease!

There drink in the joys of the lost ones, new
found;

And home, happy home, be the one grateful
sound!

REV. SAMUEL BARRETT, D.D.,

DIED JUNE 24, 1866.

PASTOR, Teacher, Parent, Guide, and Friend,
As o'er thy life-like, sainted form we bend,
We grieve, with heart-struck grief, to feel and
 know
That e'en the best must leave us here below.

Strong in the faith, the pulpit for thy throne,
How winning, glowing, earnest was thy tone !
Its charm was truth, and bore with mighty sway
Thousands of souls to seek the better way.

At that sweet feast the gracious Master spread,
With bread from heaven thy loving flock was fed ;
There in our hearts were stirred all thoughts divine,
As Christ was symbolled forth by bread and wine.

Thou lov'dst the lambs, and loved the lambs to
lead

To wisdom's flowery fields, in peace to feed ;
And they in turn wouldst gather at thy knee,
To catch the kind, approving word from thee.

With deepest sympathies, the homes of grief
Roused all thy latent powers for their relief ;
The grasp was warm, the fitting words were few,
But reached the bleeding wound, and healed it too.

With what a glow did learning's living light
Fill thy pure heart with ever new delight ;
And as its torch was passed from hand to hand,
Hope smiled anew to bless thy natal land.

With wide survey, and earnest, melting soul,
Of human errors thou didst grasp the whole ;
And, as thou couldst, from earliest dawn of youth,
Urged on the cause of purest Christian truth.

Deep insight thine to track the wastes of sin,
And back to right its victims sought to win ;

Pitied the poor, and sent forth angels fair,
To give relief, and all their burdens share.

In council wise, in judgment strong and clear,
Prudent and calm through dubious paths to steer,
On wings of thought thine influence silent sped,
And thus to God and good opinions led.

At home, — but here the hand and heart denies
To touch those tender, loving, home-bound ties,
Around which clustered all endearments sweet,
Their lodgement hallowed in life's dearest seat.

Though yet in armor, life's great battle fought,
Thy chosen work all well and nobly wrought,
Resigned in faith to time and Heaven's decree,
Thou gav'st thy soul to Him who gave it thee.

But first a vision ! lo, heaven's gate set wide,
And angels, beckoning, came to be thy guide !
And then the curtain fell, — the goal was won, —
And God's own voice proclaimed, " Well done !
Well done ! "

Oh may our eyes in waking visions see
How great, dear saint, thy heavenly bliss must be !
And this one sweet thought soothe every breast,
Till all shall share with thee thy joy and rest.

MRS. ANN HATHAWAY,

WIFE OF WILLIAM RICE, ESQ., 1870.

FROM dawn of life to latest day,
Hers was the sweet, the gentle way ;
Sprightly, kindly, fond and mild,
She lived, the loved and loving child.
By honored parents wisely led,
In virtuous paths was taught to tread ;
And, as she grew, her craving mind
Sought knowledge fresh of every kind,
Of life below, of things above,
The sources deep of truth and love ;
Then, like the Master, strove to teach
The little minds within her reach.
Oh, how they gathered round her seat,
Her face and smile to fondly greet !
Oh, how they listened as she spoke,
As Heaven's glad tidings on them broke !
Pictures they were set rich in gold !
Yet more than these example told,

The words sunk deep, but more were moved
By deeds of one so much beloved.
Then came a change, a sphere is found
In which her feelings all were bound,
The loving wife, the faithful friend,
With claims that life alone could end.
Oh, how her cares with moments grew !
To meet them right how well she knew ;
To rule with love in woman's sphere,
To make the home the spot most dear ;
To aid the weak, to nurse with care
The dear one's life that God did spare
Through years of weakness, sickness, pain,
The spirit's trial, not in vain.
Patient and faithful, calm and kind,
Tempered with grace, with soul refined,
Faith plumed her wings, grew strong with years,
And victory gave o'er grief and fears,
And sweetly thus met every call,
The last and greatest, best of all ;
And when the final hour had come,
She sought in heaven a happier home ;
Left earth and time without a stain,
In bliss for evermore to reign.

REV. CHARLES J. BOWEN,

PASTOR OF THE MT. PLEASANT CHURCH, BOSTON,

DIED APRIL 11, 1870.

LAST night in full vigor, in weakness to-day ;
Fresh blooming at morn, at eve in decay :
'Tis thus with the flower, and thus with the man,
And such the Creator's wise purpose and plan.

Ah ! stricken and gone in the bloom of his years,
How gush from our eyes the grief-bidden tears !
How deep are the sobs of the aged and young,
As the requiem and hymn o'er his coffin are sung.

How manly and noble in features and form !
How courteous in manner, his feelings how warm !
And gifted in mind, and ready in speech,
How earnest and glowing the Gospel to preach !

And as round the table Christ's followers drew,
How weighty his words, yet how tender and true :

In spirit how loving, in words how divine,
As he broke to them bread, and poured forth the
wine !

So cheerful, so genial, so free from all guile,
The old sought his counsel, the youngest his
smile :
'To summons from sorrow his footsteps how fleet,
And the claims of the poor how ready to meet.

As the tocsin of war fell sharp on his ear,
How he spake for his country without doubting or
fear !
And obeying the call that came from his chief,
How swiftly he sped to the soldier's relief !

The sick how sustained, the dying how soothed,
As onward to heaven their passage he smoothed !
Those missives of love, how many he wrote,
With a lock of their hair enclosed in each note !

But how speak of his home ! the spot he loved
best,
His presence so loving, so heightening the zest ;

Where treasures the richest, embosomed in love,
Made his Eden of earth like the Eden above.

O Father of mercies ! send down of thy balm,
The dear ones to soothe, their feelings to calm :
Let the spirit of faith in all fulness be given,
Till they with the lost find reunion in heaven.

MEMORIAL LINES

ON THE DECEASE OF MARY ANN, WIFE OF THEODORE

H. BELL, ESQ., SEPT. 14, 1872.

HER sufferings — how long! — have been borne,
and are o'er,
And soul, parted from body, has fled to the skies.
We shall see her symmetrical features no more,
Nor the radiant flash of her soft-beaming eyes.

But we ne'er shall forget when she came to us
here,
How sprightly her manner, yet winsome and mild;
Obedient and docile, she ne'er cost us a tear,
And we took her and loved her as our own darling CHILD.

And we ne'er shall forget, when she stood up as
bride,
And entered the purlieu of a sweet wedded life,

How she labored and loved, with a well-governed
pride,
To reach the perfections of Woman and WIFE.

Oh, ne'er shall forget, as years rolled on their way,
And each cherished epoch was changed for another,
With what fondness and love she toiled day after
day
To win the rich guerdon that crowns a good
MOTHER.

We ne'er shall forget how unselfish and kind
To all of her kin, to the suffering and poor ;
How "she did what she could," with a generous
mind,
To labor for others, for others to endure.

And oh ! ne'er shall forget when the shadows drew
near,
The calmness, the patience, the fortitude given ;
How she waited and listened, without trembling or
fear,
To catch the first sounds and glimpses of heaven.

"Bless'd thought," "Happy," "Farewell," was all
she could say,
As she stood on the verge of Eternity and Time.
Heavenward her eyes, her hand waving the way,
The scene of the parting, oh, how sweet and sub-
lime !

O God ! give thou comfort to thy children who
mourn ;
Pour out of thy Spirit, within richly to dwell ;
And, saddened and sorrowful, oh aid us to turn
To thee, loving Father, "who all things doeth
well."

HYMNS FOR THE YOUNG.

H Y M N S.

I.

THE CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

Sunday School Gazette, 1865.

THY child, O Father ! thou hast blest
Through the long hours, so long, of darksome
night,
Hast given me sleep, hast given me rest,
And brought me safe to morning's light.

I thank thee, Lord ! and through this day
Aid me to grow in ways divine, —
To study, think, to love, obey,
And make me thus a child of thine.

Weak though I am, thyself art strong ;
Impart of thy great strength to me ;
And if temptations round me throng,
To thy sure covert let me flee.

II.

THE CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Sunday School Gazette, 1865.

FATHER in heaven ! another day
I've passed in joyous, childlike play ;
Have read, and mused, but studied more,
To gain of knowledge richest store.

Thus, Lord, the day appears to me ;
But, oh, how otherwise to thee !
So thoughtless, wayward, selfish, still
To do my own, and not thy will.

Accept, dear Lord, what seemeth right
In thy most gracious, holy sight :
Forgive the wrong, and grant me rest,
And make thy child wise, good, and blest.

III.

IMITATED FROM AN ANCIENT ENGLISH POET.

"GIVE me thine heart," so saith our God,
"And I'll not ask for more,"
Follow the path which Jesus trod,
There's bliss for thee in store.
"Give me thine heart," so saith our God,
"And I'll not ask for more."

Give wicked sports and pastimes up,
And seek a nobler goal;
Heave the last sigh o'er pleasure's cup,
So save thy deathless soul.
"Give me thine heart," so saith our God,
"And I'll not ask for more."

Thy rovings cease, nor longer seek
Where rest cannot be found;

Hear the sweet words the Scriptures speak,
And be with blessings crowned.
"Give me thine heart," so saith our God,
"And I'll not ask for more."

Thy viler course, O sinner, stop,
And strive for peace once more ;
Let but one tear of sorrow drop,
And I'll thy peace restore.
"Give me thine heart," so saith our God,
"And I'll not ask for more."

IV.

GRATITUDE.

COME we now, and joyful raise
Grateful hymns of fervent praise ;
Infant voices though they be,
We would raise them, God, to thee.

For the friends around our way ;
For the blessed Sabbath day ;
All the means of grace and truth,
Blessing us in early youth.

God of mercy ! hear us now,
As before thy face we bow :
Let us heed the voice of love,
Calling us to bliss above.

Let us walk in virtue's way,
Thee our guide, our shield, our stay ;
Thy dear Son our bosom friend,
Life a school, and heaven its end.

V.

SPRINGTIME OF YOUTH.

Christian Register, 1866.

FRESH in life as spring's first flower,
 Let us seek the Lord to love ;
 Catch the dews of morning's hour,
 Dews of grace from him above.

As in nature, flowers and fruit
 Come from seed and earnest care,
 So the graces have for root
 Love and duty, faith and prayer.

See the bud so full and fair,
 Drinking in the sun's sweet rays,
 Breathing incense on the air, —
 Incense to its Maker's praise.

Child of earth and yet divine,
 Seek thy growth from nobler flame ;
Let thy life all flowers outshine,
 One sweet hymn to his high name.

VI.

LOVE TO GOD AND LOVE TO MAN.

Christian Register, 1866.

COME hither with feelings all glowing and warm,
 To tread in the pathway your Saviour once
 trod ;
 Not coldly and feebly as if but in form,
 But childlike as one whose Father is God.

Yes, God is your Father ! come, bow down and
 kneel,
 And worship him truly in reverence and love :
 The whole of your nature his majesty feel,
 Within and around you, both here and above.

And man is your brother ! then up and be doing,
 Be gentle and generous, be just and discreet ;
 Vain thoughts be forbidden, all evil eschewing,
 Be eyes for the blind ones, for the halting have
 feet.

So march on to victory o'er all earthly foes,
With love for your helmet, your sword, and
your shield;
Be patient with man, and be kind to his woes,
And never to tempters your innocence yield.

VII.

WORDS AND LIFE OF JESUS.

Christian Register, 1867.

WHEN the Saviour's words are read,
How they stir the inmost mind !
How the youthful soul they feed !
What new sense of love to find !

How they make us loathe all sin,
How to love the good and true ;
How to cleanse the fount within,
All his will to know and do !

Saviour ! what a life was thine !
All temptations how withstood !
All thy marvels how divine !
Ever wise, and doing good !

Blessed Jesus ! sinless, pure,
Help us all to live as well ;
Bitter crosses to endure,
Songs of praise and joy to swell.

VIII.

THE DOMINION OF TRUTH.

Christian Register, 1866.

THE spotless Jesus loved the Truth,
 And lived it every hour ;
 Example this for every youth,
 And one of mighty power.

'Twas this o'er all his motives reigned ;
 He scorned to think a lie ;
 No act deceptive ever feigned,
 But rather chose to die.

They say to him, " Art thou a king ?"
 He answered, " Thou say'st so :
 Hither I came the truth to bring,
 Its seed in power to sow."

'Twas sown by him, — it sprang to light,
And o'er the earth has spread
A kingdom now of wondrous might,
And he its glorious head.

Be each of us its champion here,
To peril all for truth ;
Nothing in life can be more dear,
Nor brighter crown for youth.

IX.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

Love thy father, love thy mother,
This of earth the dearest tie ;
Range through nature, there's no other
Nearer to the heart can lie.

But, above, a loving spirit
Watches o'er thy wayward way ;
Blessings all from him inherit,
More than we can e'er repay.

He it is, the Heavenly Father,
Dearer far than earthly friend ;
Let us round his altar gather,
Up to him our praises send.

From the heart all pure and loving,
Let them rise an incense sweet ;
All our filial feelings moving,
Lay them at his mercy-seat.

- X.

THE BALM IN GILEAD.

Christian Register, 1868.

THERE is no child without a grief,
Nor one who has no pain ;
Where shall it go to find relief,
And ease and comfort gain ?

Not to the haunts of noisy play,
Or paths of tempting sin ;
There is a better, surer way,
The crown of peace to win.

In patience find one constant friend,
And trust in God above ;
The darkest night must have an end,
And he afflicts in love.

In contemplation seek for aid,
And muse on heavenly things ;
The soul most tried is not afraid,
If hope within it springs.

Dwell on the sufferings he endured,
Who wrought salvation's plan :
Whose pain and grief our peace secured,
And calmly died for man.

XI.

TEMPERANCE.

Christian Register, 1866.

THERE is a voice that speaks to thee,
Stand not on danger's brink ;
With fleetest step the tempter flee,
Abstain, abstain from drink.
Be early strong, be early wise,
Turn off your thoughts, away your eyes,
The safest is who soonest flies,
From which the boldest shrink.

Let not the cup come near thy lip,
'Twill lure thee from thy goal ;
Nor dare its baneful contents sip, —
'Tis poison to the soul.
'Twill mar thy face, 'twill blur thy mind,
'Twill make thy heart morose, unkind ;
Thy moral nature wholly blind,
Nor leave one feature whole.

Touch not the bowl, taste not the wine ;

'Tis easy to begin ;

Let but your choice to this incline,

And soon 'twill end in sin,

As little boats that venture most,

On rocky coasts, if tempest-tost,

Are doomed the soonest to be lost,

By treacherous waves drawn in.

Then turn your eyes to wisdom's way,

Whose paths are paths of peace ;

Be mindful of a coming day,

When years and time shall cease.

Let temperance be your constant guide,

Be self-control your honest pride ;

Then sweet your life away shall glide,

And crowned at last with bliss.

XII.

INVITATION TO THE SAVIOUR.

Is there here no child to-day,
Who will leave his sports and play,
Bring his heart to Jesus' shrine,
Saying thus, "Let me be thine"?

Is there none so brave within,
Brave enough to give up sin ;
Give up pestering, give up tears,
So be free from frowns and fears?

Give up falsehood, yield the will, —
Be obedient, kindly, still ?
Thus secure by winning ways
Love of friends, and happy days?

Surely, yes, there's many a one,
Seeking how, will see 'tis done ;

So from every fault set free,
In coming years shall better be.

Be like Jesus, holy child,
Gracious, harmless, undefiled ;
Seeking wisdom, peace, and love,
Gems to make them blest above.

Child, be wise, for now's the time
On your course to start sublime ;
Learning this, that step the first
Leads to good, or to the worst.

XIII.

CHRISTMAS.

Sunday School Gazette, 1870.

No vocal sound of joy or love,
Of cricket, babe, or bird,
But one from regions far above,
This morning Shepherds heard.

Around, about, there shone a light,
That glorified the earth ;
They heard and marvelled with delight
Of Christ's mysterious birth.

And gazing up in faith and fear,
A heavenly host was seen,
Who sang this message calm and clear,
"Peace on earth, good-will to men."

This song repeat, nor let it cease
While strife and sin remain ;
Work for the things that make for peace,
Till love has perfect reign.

XIV.

SONG OF PRAISE.

COME, let us join in praise,
In these our forming days,
 And evermore ;
Around his altar draw,
Learn here his holy law,
And filled with love and awe,
 Him God adore.

Dismissing care and play,
Praise him this sacred day,
 With loving joy ;
Praise him who formed the mind ;
Gave power to love our kind ;
And joy in good to find
 Our blest employ.

Praise him for home and friends,
That God so kindly sends,

Our lot to cheer :

Praise him for learning's light,
Which puts with shame to flight
Dark superstition's night,
The bigot's sneer.

Praise him, that while in youth,
To Jesus, fount of truth,

We all are led :

Praise him for marvels done,
By him, his blessed son,
Who, when the crown was won,
Rose from the dead.

Praise him when storms shall lower,
For that sustaining power

To look on high ;

For him, our hope in death,
Who to his followers saith, —
He that in me hath faith,
Shall never die.

XV.

TRUST IN THE HEAVENLY FRIEND.

Sunday School Gazette, 1869.

COME, now, in youthful days,
 As time is gliding :
Strong be our trust in him,
 The All-abiding ;
In him, the same to-day ;
In him, the same alway ;
The same, with gracious sway,
 Our footsteps guiding.

No sparrow falls unseen,
 Swiftly though flying ;
No grief escapes his eye,
 When we are sighing ;
'Tis he our joy bestows ;
He pities all our woes ;
And free his mercy flows,
 As we are dying.

Come, then, in youthful days,
 As time is gliding ;
Here be our faith made sure,
 He strength supplying.
Take we his loving hand,
And, as a Christian band,
For truth and duty stand,
 On him relying.

OCCASIONAL AND SPECIAL.

H Y M N S.

I.

*Written for the "New North Musical Society," and sung at the New
North Church, February 22, 1814, public and general
Thanksgiving Day, for the return of Peace.*

JEHOVAH on the guilty frowned,
And spake the avenging hour;
The trump of war was heard around,
All nations felt its power.

The shock of arms, the din of war
Resounded o'er the earth;
Here sad defeat, there victory's car,
Alternate woe and mirth.

Deep drenched in gore, and weak with fight,
They bid their battles cease;

Acknowledge wrong ; affirm the right,
And seek the God of Peace.

First Europe swells the sacred notes,
And calms war's angry roar ;
Soon o'er the deep it sweetly floats,
And greets Columbia's shore.

The olive-branch triumphant waves !
Joy beams on every face ;
Love lifts our hearts to Him who saves
From danger and disgrace !

Then let our thanks and songs arise,
A holy incense pure ;
And as they reach the upper skies,
Make our atonement sure.

II.

For the opening of a "Home for Aged and Indigent Females," 1850.

OUR Father, Helper, Guide, and Friend,
On thee for all things we depend ;
In joy, in health, in sickness, age,
In life's fair morn, in life's last stage.

And now to thee in faith we come,
To dedicate this widows' home ;
For thou hast promised, God, to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

Lord ! with thine aid we'd open here
A covert for thy stricken deer ;
A refuge for the chastened heart,
As one by one their friends depart.

Here may they come, in peace to spend
The last best moments thou shalt lend :

Here friendship's smile and woman's tear
Be theirs, to comfort, guide, and cheer.

And when relieved from fears and cares,
Let this experience still be theirs :
"I have been young, but now am old,
Still thou, O God, the meek uphold."

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III.

For a Religious Festival, 1861.

RAISE now an anthem high,
 Band of a sacred tie,
 Church broad and free ;
 Free to use Reason right,
 Down superstition smite,
 Truth spread in love and light,
 That all may see !

Faith rears her altar here,
 Whose claims we all revere,
 With reason decked ;
 Lead we that noble band,
 Wide-spread throughout our land,
 Who on this platform stand
 In Christ erect.

Bigots may rage and fume,
 But truth must yet illumine
 The world's dark mind.

Old creeds must melt away ;
Rome's monkish throne decay ;
Fagots no more dismay,
Nor favor find.

High sweeps the mountain wave,
God's ark of truth to save,
Light at its prow !
Ours be the courage high,
To dare, to do, to die,
Reason with faith to ally,
God help us now !

Banned by the Church or State,
Mark of the bigot's hate,
Still stand we strong !
True to the one above,
True to Christ's claims of love,
True to the Spirit-Dove,
Victory ere long !

IV.

*Hymn of Welcome on the Return of Rev. A. P. Putnam from a Tour
in Europe. Sung by the Choir of Mt. Pleasant
Church, September, 1863.*

PASTOR, parted long from friends,
Homeward now his footstep bends ;
Sails the wide Atlantic o'er,
Touches now his native shore ;
Guided safely all the way,
Meets his people here to-day !
We in gladsome spirit come,
Give him welcome, welcome home !

Thanks, O God, for all thy grace,
As he sped from place to place ;
As new peoples met his gaze,
Works of art that challenged praise ;
As he stood on Holy Land,
Scenes of wonder strange and grand !

Through all these in safety come,
Him we welcome, welcome home !

From the desert, from the plain,
From the ocean's surging main,
From the old to all that's new,
From the slavish to the true ;
Raised from sickness, kindly spared,
All the dangers friendship shared,
Here in health our Pastor come,
Welcome, welcome, welcome home !

War its onward march has kept,
Braves have fallen, and mothers wept ;
Lovely ones have passed away,
All too good on earth to stay :
Sorrow, trial, pain, and care,
Others have been called to bear ;
Sympathizing Pastor, come,
Welcome, and thrice welcome home !

As the months have slowly sped,
Thanks we gave that we were fed

Here, from words in wisdom wrought,
Warm in feeling, rich in thought ;
Now we thank thee, God of Power,
For this joyous, happy hour,
When our own dear Pastor come,
We can give him, — Welcome Home !

V.

*Written for, and sung at the Installation of the Rev. C. J. Bowen, as
Pastor of Mt. Pleasant Church, September, 1865.*

IN ancient times the Spirit came
In burning bush and forked flame ;
But now it needs no other sign
Than glowing hearts for all mankind.

Lord ! moved thereby, thy servant stands,
To seek once more approving hands,
To cheer him on in works of love,
As spirit-taught by Christ above.

Long may thy servant watch and wait
At this re-opened, heavenly gate ;
And as the many enter in,
Be angel-tongued their souls to win.

Lord ! keep him, bless him, aid him here
In all the works of this new sphere ;
And, toiling thus in faith and zeal,
May many souls his labors seal.

VI.

PARTING HYMN.

*Written for the "Channing Church," Newtonville, Mass., on the
Resignation and Departure of their Pastor, Rev. E. J. Young,
for his new Position as Professor of the Divinity
School, Cambridge, Mass.*

O FATHER ! called this bond to break,
Which long has bound us here,
We come, a parting leave to take
Of him, our Pastor dear.
We've met him here to watch and pray,
To feast on things divine ;
In love together trod the way,
Through days of Auld Lang Syne.
Through days of Auld Lang Syne, &c.

How precious now those days we feel,
How blest to every heart !
Bound each to each with hooks of steel,
Till hard it is to part :

We've met in joy, we've mingled tears,
The cross our mystic sign ;
And one were all our hopes and fears,
In days of Auld Lang Syne.
In days of Auld Lang Syne, &c.

But now has come the bitter cup,
That rends this tender tie ;
It calls our Pastor higher up,
But not, O God, to die :
His gifts and graces, learning, powers,
Are still as ever thine :
The loss, the saddening loss, is ours,
Those days of Auld Lang Syne.
Those days of Auld Lang Syne, &c.

But go, brave Soldier of the Cross,
And do the work of God ;
While we as bravely bear the loss,
Sow thou the seed abroad :
Of doubting souls our pulpits tire,
And ask for sons divine, —

Those giant sons with souls of fire,
Like those of Auld Lang Syne.
Like those of Auld Lang Syne, &c.

Adieu ! adieu ! we'll fondly bear
Thy words to memory dear,
And pray the Father's tender care,
To bless thy new-gained sphere.
Our thoughts and thanks shall with thee go,
And be God's blessing thine ;
May heaven at last its crown bestow,
For days of Auld Lang Syne.
For days of Auld Lang Syne so dear,
For days of Auld Lang Syne,
May heaven at last its crown bestow,
For days of Auld Lang Syne.

VII.

*Written for and sung at the Installation of the Rev. C. C. Carpenter,
as Pastor of the Mt. Pleasant Church, Boston Highlands,
December 1, 1870.*

How beautiful on mountain height,
The feet of him who comes to bring
To thirsting souls the Gospel light,
Of peace and hope and joy the Spring,
And with the powers which God hath given,
To plead the cause of truth and heaven.

A grateful church, O God, we send,
To thank thee for thy gift of love, —
For him, the teacher thou dost send,
To fill the place of one above ;
To heal our wound, our hearts to cheer,
And make thy service yet more dear.

Fill thou his soul with love and light,
Thy Holy Spirit freely give ;

Help him to work with sacred might,
And teach us, Christ-like, how to live :
To live like Him, the Master true,
In all we feel, and think, and do.

Oh touch his tongue with holy fire,
To lift us to the heights on high :
The Saviour's trust by faith inspire,
And teach us, Christ-like, how to die.
Himself a beacon-light to shine,
In life, and death, and ever thine.

OCCASIONAL AND SPECIAL.

H Y M N.

NATIONAL AND PATRIOTIC.

1862.

AMERICA ! America !

Thy place 'mid nations won,
The welkin rings, hurrah ! hurrah !
Thy States be ever ONE.

Victorious o'er every foe,
Thy Union strong and free,
Strike boldly every future blow
For Law and Liberty.

Oh precious product of the mind,
Thy Constitution stands !
Beneath it all protection find,
And hope for other lands.

As treason rears its hydra head,
 However masked its cause,
Out every spark of faction tread,
 And vindicate the laws.

Thy flag, tri-gemmed, shall flaunt the air,
 And safety give to all ;
Till every soul leap up, and swear
 Beneath its folds to fall.

Ride on ! ride on ! in grandeur great ;
 Be ONE at home, — abroad ;
While education trains the STATE,
 Be strong, thy trust in GOD.

EVANGELICAL AND RELIGIOUS.



H Y M N S.

I.

“How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him who bringeth good tidings; that publisheth peace.” — ISA. lii. 7.

How beautiful the herald stands
On mountain lifted high !
Who brings, inspired, for all the lands,
A message from the sky.

How glad his wondrous tidings are !
How deep and loud they swell !
On Spirit-wings they spread afar,
Their influence who can tell ?

They wake the dreaming sleeper up,
They cure the deaf and blind ;

They dash to earth the tempter's cup,
And flood with light the mind.

Diviner still their matchless power,
They give the sinner peace ;
They lift the soul in death's dark hour
To joys that ne'er shall cease.

How beauteous on the mountain there !
How sweet his heaven-toned voice !
May we his presence ever share,
His path' our life-long choice.

II.

SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

“And seeing the multitudes, he went up into the mountain; and when he had sat down, his disciples came to him. And he opened his mouth and taught them.” — MATT. v. 1.

BLEST Mount ! from whence the Saviour spoke,
And cast o'er earth a flood of light ;
The rusty chains of error broke,
And put the hosts of sin to flight !

Salt of the earth ! ye good, rejoice !
The light of men ! oh hide it not !
But send forth truth with sweet-tongued voice,
Oh, henceforth, ne'er to be forgot.

In other days the sages taught,
“Thou shalt not kill thy fellow man ;”
“But I the higher truth hath brought,
Anger's red flame thou shalt not fan.”

"Seek for the inner springs of life :

By word nor act irreverence teach ;
Root out the cause of woes and strife,
Be yea and nay your simple speech.

"Should thy right hand or thy right eye

Suggest, allure, or lead astray,
Better these gifts thyself deny,
Than lose thy soul in sin's dark way.

"Revenge in all its forms abjure,

Forgiving be, with humble mien ;
Better all wrongs and scoffs endure,
Than, side by side, with vengeance seen."

III.

THE BEATITUDES.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

MATT. v. 3.

YEA, blessed are the poor,
In spirit meekly bowed ;
Their step on earth is calm and sure,
Their claim to heaven allowed.

And blessed they who mourn,
Through sin and sorrow led ;
Though hard the lesson they must learn,
They shall be comforted.

And they whose hunger strong,
Plead not to be denied ;
For righteousness and truth who long,
They shall be satisfied.

And blest the pure in heart,
Their passions all subdued ;
In mirrors richer than of art,
Shall see reflected, God.

IV.

THE SAME. Matt. v. 9.

BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose love is deep and broad :
Their silent conquests never cease,
And children are of God.

And, oh, the merciful !
How greatly they are blest :
Mercy with fountain ever full,
Returns it to their breast.

More blest than all, the ones
Whom men revile and slay ;
They are of God the chosen sons,
And heaven their rich-paved way.

Rejoice, and be ye glad !
For your reward is great :
The prophet's story, grand though sad,
Prefigures but your fate.

V.

CHRISTIAN DUTIES.

ROMANS, chap. xii.

THE Lord makes known his will,
Which man must needs fulfil ;
 'Tis duty here :
Love is the vital source,
Opening the righteous course
To put his laws in force,
 In every sphere.

Affectioned he must be,
Evil abhor and flee,
 And cleave to good :
In honor, friends prefer ;
No work of life defer ;
Fervid the heart must stir
 With gratitude.

Patience in woe his choice,
He must in hope rejoice ;
 Instant in prayer :
The wants of saints relieve ;
With open doors receive,
And succor freely give
 To sons of care.

Nor e'er, too much elate,
To men of low estate
 Must condescend.
Meet mind with candid mind ;
To self be wisely blind ;
Nor wrong pay back in kind
 That men intend.

Things honest must provide ;
Make peace his constant guide ;
 Revenge abjure :
Feed full his hungry foe,
To quench his thirst not slow,
And, conquering evil so,
 Of heaven make sure.

VI.

"Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord." — DEUT. vi. 4.

O ISRAEL, hear! thy God is One,
 The greatest, wisest, and the best :
 He is thy God, and he alone,
 God over all, forever blest.

He saith, " I am that which I am,
 The Holy One of Israel ;"
 In hiding power from Teman came, *
 In brightness clothed, Invisible.

God is our Father ! sweetest name
 That men or angels ever use,
 In tenderest tones from Jesus came,
 And through all hearts should love diffuse.

And he our God a Spirit is,†
 Pervading matter, mind, and space :

* Hab. iii. 3.

† John iv. 24.

Omnipotence, Omniscience, his,
And mercy, wisdom, truth, and grace.

He is the Word, the Logos, he
By whom all worlds and souls were made :
He spake, "no other God with me," *
And all in light and love arrayed.

And "God is Love !" oh blessed word,
To touch the heart of erring man ;
From heaven it came, on earth 'tis heard,
And gleams through all Creation's plan.

Yes, God is One, there's none beside !
Is wisdom, spirit, truth, and love ;
Then let our faith in him abide,
The light of life, to life above.

* Deut. xxx. 39.

VII.

"Behold the Lamb of God." — John 1. 24.

How sweet, how gentle, were the tones
Of him, the Christ, whom we adore !
"Come unto me," to wearied ones ;
To Penitence, "Go, sin no more."

How calm, subdued, and firm he spoke,
When he revealed his power divine ;
'Twas "Peace be still," as tempests broke,
Or, "God, thy will be done, not mine."

Or, as he clothed those truths anew,
"Love God with heart, and soul, and mind,
And love, as well, thy neighbor too,"
'Twas "Way, and Truth, and Life" to find.

But when aroused by wicked men,
Perverse, deceitful, full of hate,

His words, oh, how indignant then, —

“Woe, woe!” and left them to their fate.

Yet counselled still, besought and pled,

Their wills to change, their hearts renew ;

“Father !” he dying, pitying, said,

“Forgive ! they know not what they do.”

What blending here of strength and grace,

To vindicate God’s finished plan !

The human to divine gives place,

The portraiture of perfect man.

VIII.

"I am the door, if any one enter through me, he will be saved."

JOHN x. 10.

THE world, from light divine shut out,
Was like a cavern drear ;
Around was ignorance, fear, and doubt,
But nothing heavenward clear.

God was a myth, or sculptured stone,
Or draped in earthly robe ;
Man walked in sorrow all alone,
The grave his last abode.

But Jesus opened wide the door,
And light came streaming in ;
Then was the reign of darkness o'er,
And crushed the power of sin.

He made the living Father known,
His kingdom full of grace ;

Love as the substance of his throne,
And mercy for our race.

The sovereign cure, Repentance, brought,
By which the soul to save ;
Confirmed the hope, long vainly sought,
Of life beyond the grave.

O door of God ! flung open wide,
May all find entrance there ;
While here be Christ, our light and guide,
At last his kingdom share.

IX.

"I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." — JOHN x. 10.

OH, what a sacrifice was made
When Jesus chose to die for sin ;
Gave his own life, the ransom paid,
That we eternal life might win.

The inward life, the life of love ;
Not that poor life so many live,
But, self forgetting, seeks above
The life that he alone can give.

O Son of God ! through woes and strife
Thou gavest thy life to set us free,
That we might gain the life of life,
And have it more abundantly.

O Father ! hear our earnest prayer,
That his meek death be not in vain ;
But may we all his sufferings share,
The everlasting life to gain.

X.

"I am the true vine." — JOHN xv. 1-10.

JESUS, to his followers speaking,
Wisely said, "I am the Vine :"
"So, your highest welfare seeking,
Grafted be, and ye are mine.

"If the tree no burden beareth,
It must cumber not the ground ;
And a fate no better fareth,
If its fruit's not rich and sound.

"Joined to me it gains rich savor
From the flow of vital life,
Thus alone can gain the favor,
Richest bloom with fruitage rife.

"Vine and branch, when thus united,
Yield the fruits of faith and love :
Then redeemed, my word so plighted,
Peace below, and joy above."

XI.

"These words spake Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to heaven."

JOHN xvii. 1.

HE prayed ! with eyes uplifted, prayed,
As on that holy ground he trod ;
By every deep emotion swayed,
He prayed to his dear Father, God.

How tender, earnest, and sublime
Were all the words he uttered then ;
With angels' songs they sweetly chime,
And fill with joy the hearts of men.

"O Father ! glorify thy Son,
And be thou glorified in me ;
Make all thy children here as one,
As I in purpose am with thee.

"I pray thee not to take them hence,
But keep them from the evil here ;

Thy word and truth their sure defence,
While they remain in earth's low sphere.

" And thee to know, the only true,
And Jesus Christ thy Sent and Son ;
These shall their hearts by grace renew,
And life, eternal life, be won."

XII.

THE COMFORTER PROMISED.

JOHN xvi.

"THE Comforter shall come," he said,
In firm but tender tone :
"Alone I must the wine-press tread,
But think not you're alone."

"I go, but he in power shall come,
As truth, with mightiest power ;
And I, a witness from my home,
Of that auspicious hour.

"He shall reprove, and gently guide
To truth as sunlight clear ;
Around, within, on every side,
To comfort and to cheer.

"A little while and I must go :
To God, to me, be true ;
The spirit-power is thine, and, lo !
I always am with you."

XIII.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

THE Cross, the symbol once of crime,
 It bore a hated name ;
 Through ages dark in realms of time
 The mark of human shame.

But when the Son of God appeared,
 Haloed with light divine,
 Hung on the cross by those who feared,
 He made it glory's sign.

O, Son of God ! that cross how bright,
 Which typifies thy love !
 To human hopes a beacon-light
 To guide to worlds above.

It decks the home, it crowns the spire ;
 The sign to conquer by :
 'Tis one the living all admire, —
 The best when called to die.

Oh symbol ! to the Christian dear,
Be ever dear to me ;
To strengthen faith, to quell all fear,
And lead, O God, to thee.

XIV.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

LIKE to the sun that sheds its beams
To light and warm and bless the whole,
The Holy Spirit ever streams
To light and warm the human soul.

Like to the wind which none can see,
But flowing, fills this world so fair,
The Holy Spirit flows as free, —
Is present with us everywhere.

As sparks electric thrill the wire,
And speedeth thought from mind to mind,
The Holy Spirit's latent fire
Illumes the souls of human kind ;

Or, coming down like showers of rain,
Is poured on man as from on high ;
Soft as the dew, but not in vain,
It giveth peace for every sigh.

With silent power reproving sin,
Is evermore to truth a guide ;
And purifying all within,
Must there in peace and joy abide.

Oh grieve it not, nor check its sway :
It will not always calmly strive ;
Then yield in love while yet 'tis day,
And so with God forever live.

XV.

SPIRITUAL RESURRECTION.

"The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live."

JOHN v. 25.

ENCLOSED at birth in mortal shrine,
The soul lies buried deep ;
Some trumpet-tone must rend the air,
To wake it from its sleep.

Toiling and groping in the gloom,
It craves a clearer light ;
But passion, fear, or low desire,
Its best endeavors blight.

Conscience, with still but searching tones,
Speaks to its waiting ear ;
Startled, it rouses for a time,
But shrinketh back in fear.

Then come affliction, sickness, pain,
With shriller tones of voice :
They bid it strive for higher things,
For noblest, highest choice.

But all in vain : God's Son alone,
With trumpet-tone can save ;
He speaks, and, starting from its sleep,
It rises from the grave.

Then born again, o'ercome its foes,
It plumes its wings to soar
Above all realms that bounds its flight,
To live for evermore.

XVI.

"But go thy way till the end be." — DANIEL xii. 13.

"Raised from death unto life." — JOHN v. 24.

AND must it be? and must we die,
And in the grave's cold recess lie?
Such is the Father's wise decree,
And therefore just and best to be.

The dust returns to native dust,
For God and Nature say it must;
But oh, the soul! it never dies,
But on to heaven homeward hies.

There pearly gates with portals wide,
And angels guarding either side,
Are open flung as souls appear,
That read to heaven their title clear.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard"
The promised joys of God's dear Word;

To those who, purged from earth and sin,
Are ready clothed to enter in.

Lord ! purge our souls from every stain,
Nor let our sighs nor prayers be vain ;
But drawn to thee by faith and love,
Be purified for bliss above.

XVII.

"Lead me in the way everlasting." — PSALM cxxxix. 24.

MIGHTY Lord ! oh heed us, lead us
Through the paths of truth and love ;
With thy heavenly manna feed us,
Falling gently from above.

Lead us on to founts of beauty,
Bathe us deep in streams of truth,
Train us in the paths of duty,
Glowing with immortal youth.

Lead us up to mounts of vision,
Far away from sin and strife ;
Roaming free through fields elysian,
Full to everlasting life.

All the joys of earth surpassing,
Lead me on by faith in thee ;
In the way that's everlasting,
Peace, and Love, and Purity.

XVIII.

"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me." — 2 SAM. xii. 23.

WHEN all that's mortal dieth,
 The soul at once is free :
 The spirit-voice it crieth,
 I cannot stay with thee ;
 I sail through seas of azure,
 Am all I'd wish to be :
 Oh, rich the heavenly treasure,
 And you must come to me.

Here sin no longer trieth,
 I cannot go to thee ;
 The spirit it upriseth,
 And you must come to me.
 Here rapt in heavenly vision,
 All glorious things I see,
 And filled with joys elysian,
 'Tis you must come to me.

DEVOTIONAL AND SPIRITUAL.

H Y M N S.

I.

ON ENTERING THE CHURCH.

LET mind and heart and soul awake,
And praise to God melodious make ;
Let feeling bring her offering here,
For joy a smile, for grief a tear.

Let memory's glance be backward cast,
And thanks incite for mercies past ;
And rapture's eye be turned above,
For thousand gifts of heavenly love.

Let all the powers that God has given
Find use on earth, and hope in heaven ;
In Christ's own school be trained and taught,
And he the Lord of every thought.

In glory all but angels made,
Let faith and hope on God be stayed ;
Aspire to him, and him love best,
And rise triumphant with the blest.

II.

CONFESSION AND SUPPLICATION.

How distant, Lord, we children are
In all our thoughts of thee ;
Coldly we think that thou afar
No acts of ours can see.
The cares of earth about us cling,
And things of sense intrude ;
Strong, strong they press on every side,
And thee and heaven exclude.

But, gracious God ! aid us to rise,
From strength to strength to go,
Till thee we love with burning hearts
More than all else below.
Thus aid us at thine altars here,
All idols downward hurled ;
And, by the power of Christ divine,
Enthroned thee o'er the world.

III.

PENITENCE.

FAR off from God, oh thou my soul !
Far off from God the source of light ;
The waves of passion round thee roll,
And interpose a starless night.

Lost on thy course, thy steps astray,
How canst thou find again thy road ?
Fall on the knee, devoutly pray,
And seek the aid of truth and God.

Thy sins confess, from error flee ;
Then holy thoughts and heavenly love
Shall come through sweet humility,
And flood thy soul from realms above.

Flood it with peace that earth hath not,
And earth no power to take away ;
Thy stains washed out, thy sins forgot,
And God thy trust, thy strength, thy stay.

IV.

P R A Y E R.

WE give thee thanks, O God, for prayer,
And own its gracious power ;
Would learn its use with heartfelt care
In every waiting hour.

By it the contrite, stricken mind
Comes kneeling at thy throne ;
In yearnings deep that grace to find
Which thou canst give alone.

By it the door is opened wide
Through which the soul may go,
To woo thy spirit for its guide,
Whether in joy or woe.

In prayer the senses yield to soul,
Which, taking upward flight,

O'er evil gains a full control,
And bathes itself in light.

By it, O God, we rise to thee,
And worship at thy feet ;
Pardoned our sins, from cares set free,
Communion, then, how sweet !

O Father ! hear us when we pray,
Cast out our every fear ;
Our faith increase, as day by day
We draw to thee more near.

V.

"God is a refuge for us." — PSALM lxii. 7.

To whom shall we go, Lord, if not unto thee,
When the tempests and trials of life we would
 flee;
From pride that deludes, and from passions that
 blind,
And true consolation in sorrow would find?

To whom but to thee, Lord, when doubt rives the
 soul,
And fear's darkest surges around us shall roll;
When the pangs of decay we're beginning to feel,
And the numbness of death o'er the heart-strings
 to steal?

To whom but to thee, Lord, confiding alone
Our last sweetest accents, "Thy will here be done;"
In trust and submission give over the strife,
And yield up, unmurmuring, the remnant of life?

Lord, to thee only ! so, parting with this,
To take on new garments in mansions of bliss ;
Blest mansions ! prepared by Jesus thy Son,
And surety he, that the goal may be won.

VI.

THE NATIVITY.

THIS day a holy child had birth,
With symbolled name of love divine ;
"Good-will to men, and peace on earth,"
The angel's song ! oh, make it thine !

Within this sphere a power he came,
To leave it never more again ;
But ever strengthening with his name,
O'er all the earth at length to reign.

Spirit of Christ ! be thy course free
To wage eternal war with sin ;
To bend the nations all to thee,
And every heart to goodness win.

Again, my soul ! at thine own door
He knocks, and asks a welcome there ;
Greet him with warmth as ne'er before,
And his great love thy soul shall share.

VII.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

STROPHE.

EIGHTEEN hundred years ago
 He nestled to his mother's breast ;
 In holiness she loved him so,
 His inward being there found rest.

ANTISTROPHE.

Eighteen hundred years are gone ;
 In thy heart is he caressed ?
 Breathes he there in dove-like tone
 Of sweet-eyed joy and heavenly peace ?

STROPHE.

Eighteen hundred years ago
 To angel-songs he said Amen !
 " Thy will be done " he taught below,
 To bring immortal life to men.

ANTISTROPHE.

Eighteen hundred years are sped ;
Dost thou say, God ! thy will be done ?
In his blest footsteps dost thou tread,
The steps divine of God's own Son ?

STROPHE.

Eighteen hundred years ago
He met with cares, and strife, and scorn ;
Then died in agonies of woe,
To see the Resurrection morn.

ANTISTROPHE.

Eighteen hundred years are past ;
Tears, cares, and strife attend our way ;
So let us live and die at last,
That we may rise to endless day.

VIII.

FOR ORDINATION OR INSTALLATION.

IN ancient days thy gracious care
Set angels * o'er thy churches, Lord !
Thy messages of love to bear
To hungering souls from out thy word.

A grateful church, to-day we bend
To thank thee for thy gift of love ;
For him, the angel thou dost send,
To fill the place of one above.

As off the clouds of darkness roll,
And light from heaven comes sweet and true,
The stirring call rings through his soul,
To consecrate himself anew.

Oh give him strength this flock to lead,
In those sweet ways the Saviour taught ;

* See Rev. chap. ii. "To the angel of the church in Ephesus write," and so of six other churches in Asia.

To break the bread, the lambs to feed,
And all to thee be safely brought.

Thy strength be his, thy wisdom guide,
A beacon-light around to shine ;
Long, long with them on earth abide,
In life and death, and ever thine.

IX.

IMMORTALITY.

'This mortal must put on immortality. — 1 COR. XV. 53.

FROM God went forth the great decree,
That all that lives must die ;
The flower to fade, the leaf set free,
The flesh in dust to lie.

The mystic line is quickly passed,
And time no more shall be ;
The soul is clothed upon at last
With Immortality.

What marvels then shall meet the gaze,
In scenes where spirits roam !
Left is our home of earthly days,
To gain the Heavenly Home !

There sighs no more, nor tears, nor pain ;
All things are strange and new ;

There dwelleth God with men again,
His word forever true.

There runs the crystal stream of life,
His throne of love fast by ;
Bliss supersedes all earthly strife,
And man no more can die.

X.

SILVER WEDDING HYMN.

T. H. B. 1842.

GOD of Mercy, God of Grace,
As we humbly seek thy face,
Hear our earnest, heartfelt prayer,
Bless this day and bless this pair.

Fold them safe in thine own arms ;
Keep them, Lord, from outward harms ;
Give them grace and inward peace,
Long as life shall have a lease.

The olive-buds about them set,
With heaven's gentlest dews be wet ;
Bless the friends who swell the throng,
To echo back the wedding-song.

As they pass each circling year,
May they feel thy presence near ;

Be their motto, Duty, Love ;
Their hope, acclaim from thee above.

God of Mercy ! God of Grace !
As we humbly seek thy face,
Hear our earnest, heartfelt prayer,
Bless for aye this wedded pair.

XI.

EVENING HYMN.

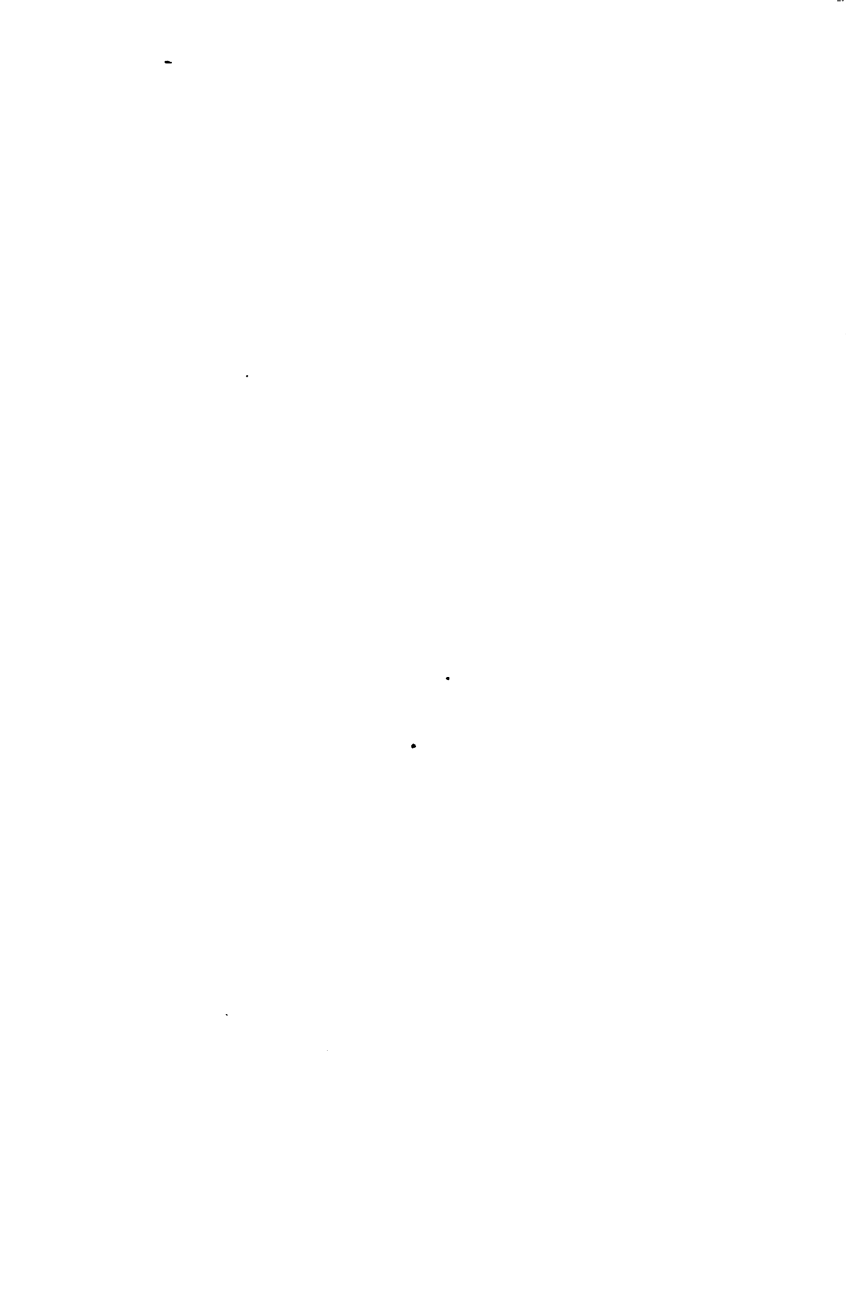
FROM every scene in nature,
In earth, and air, and sky ;
From every form and creature
That meets the glancing eye, —
There comes a voice of rapture,
Proclaiming God in all :
A God of power and goodness,
On whom in love we call.

Oh grant us now thy blessing
To close this happy day,
That we, thy grace possessing,
May henceforth never stray.
Be filled with Christ's own spirit
Of grace, and truth, and love ;
And so that bliss inherit
Which comes from God above.

On earth in bonds unite us,
Of friendship just and true ;
And let thy Word incite us
To love in all we do.
Make us both true and tender,
While pilgrims we shall be ;
And when we life surrender,
Grant joy and peace with thee.



MISCELLANEOUS.



MISCELLANEOUS.

[In the contest for Prize Odes, 1827, the following is one of the rejected.]

REJECTED ADDRESS.

Traveller, Oct. 1827.

IN times of old, when Greece and Art were young,
Ere Phidias wrought or great Eschylus sung,
The infant Drama, unreclaimed by laws,
Brought Athens down in thunders of applause ;
A wagon then subserved the actor's art,
O'er which to reign the monarch of the heart ;
But, patrons ! here ! beneath this fretted dome,
The modern actor's as the Muses' home,
We bid you welcome with an honest cheer,
And ask your plaudits for *our* welcome *here*.

Time was, indeed, when Superstition's power
Exiled the Muses from the Drama's bower,
Then blazing piles deluded sectarists saw,
And mimic heroes trembled at the law ;
But o'er that moral waste of mental night,
Fair Science rising, shed her beams of light !
'Twas then the stage, unprisoned, rose to view,
Gave scenes from nature, as to nature true ;
Lashed the dark vices of that mystic age,
And poured new radiance o'er the rising stage.

With verging fortune, but with power the same,
The Drama since has onward pressed to fame ;
Held high her mirror of unnumbered hues,
To image there the moral-pictured muse ;
Caught those bright forms that shoot the world
along,
And made them dwellers in immortal song ;
While Genius fostered, notes the boldest sang,
Till Fiction's realms with Wisdom's echoes rang.

In this bright court the actor's wreathed wand
Creates, and has creation at command !

With boldest coloring, and with wildest power,
He rules the wizard of the sportive hour ;
Lays his bright spell within this magic ring,
And *here* a fop evokes, and there a king !
A courtier now, that, fawning, fools himself !
And now a miser, poor with all his pelf !
Here struts *Sir Juck*, a jolly, blustering knight,
While Laughter chuckles o'er his well-told fight !
There opes the grave where blighted fondness
 sleeps,
Or wildly scoffs as baffled Knavery weeps.

To this fair scene, to muse his niggard lot,
May Genius come, his woes from thence forgot ;
Hither dun Labor stray, to catch the light
That melts the heart with Fancy's wild delight :
Here bold Design seek leisure to unwind
The same dark plot that labors in his mind.
While Grief subdued finds solace in the scene
That paints the woe that all his own hath been.
And thou, O Beauty ! wreathed in Fashion's glass,
Here come, and scoff as Vice and Folly pass ;
Bid Satire close with Guilt, and greatly dare
To shoot the shaft, your rising blush to spare ;

But Virtue cheer ; she asks your bland applause,
That she may triumph in the Drama's cause.

And now, thou Fane, upreared by native art,
To mould the manners and improve the heart,
May Taste and Genius o'er thy scene preside,
Wake slumbering Thought, and Feeling fondly
guide ;

Here may the Muse distil her golden verse,
And Sense and Nature oft their parts rehearse ;
Here friends of Freedom guard the Drama's cause,
Frequent her temple and promulge her laws :
Then shall the Drama aid their cause sublime,
Till the last curtain shall be dropped on Time.

THE LONE FORTY.*

AN INCIDENT OF CONSECRATION DAY, 1868, VERSIFIED.

Christian Register, July, 1868. Monthly Magazine.

'Twas come, — the consecrated day
A grateful land had set apart
On soldier's graves fond wreaths to lay,
More touching far than works of art.

In one sequestered sacred spot
Twoscore of soldiers sweetly slept ;
The thirty-nine had been forgot,
And only one a widow wept.

Poor soldier boy ! but one of three
She freely gave to save the land ;
A martyr he to liberty,
And sleepeth now with this brave band.

* Forty soldiers fell at Fort Stevens in defence of the national capitol, and lie buried at a lone spot seven miles from Washington.

In sight of that dear flag and dome
They fiercely fought and nobly fell ;
For them left sweethearts, wives, and home,
And more of love than words can tell.

To this lone spot this mother brave
Bore forty wreaths, the blooms of May ;
One for her own boy's turfy grave,
One on each soldier's lot to lay.

A woman's heart in largest love
Embraced and consecrated all ;
Scattered her flowers their graves above,
And silent tears let gently fall.

Wisdom is here ; for well she knew
Where trophies rise and thousands sleep ;
There, to their human instincts true,
The multitude would rush to weep ;

But she alone, more deeply moved,
Sought out this sad forgotten lot,
And thus a halo round it wreathed,
Outshining many a nobler spot.

LINES

To the Rev. Charles Cleaveland, on his Ninetieth Birthday.

So far, thou servant blest of God,
Through all of fourscore years and ten
The path of life hath safely trod,
And still thy step is firm. What then?

So far His hand hath held thee up,
Through all thy fourscore years and ten;
And filled with gifts life's varied cup,
Which soon must overflow. What then?

So far thy faith hath guided thee,
Through all thy fourscore years and ten,
To bless the homes of poverty,
And raised them nearer heaven. What then?

What then? The father's blessed hand,
Beyond thy fourscore years and ten,
Shall lead thee through this Canaan land,
To an approaching end. What then?

A halo weave around thy brow,
And change thy fourscore years and ten
To one : the everlasting Now,
In his blest realms above. What then ?

What then ? Oh spare my aching sight !
No pains, no poor, no sin, no strife,
But one unclouded scene of light,
And Time and Death exchanged for LIFE.

WHAT IS POETRY?

'Tis asked, — What is the art divine
 That floweth forth in epic line?
 At times so gay, at times so sad,
 It wins alike the grieved or glad?
 Is now instructive, now sublime,
 A steady stream of sweetest rhyme?
 Johnsonian now, is rough and strong;
 Or, Browning-like, a mystic song?
 For which some moderns claim this test
 (Modern, indeed, if not the best):
 "Nature dressed out in witching words
 Of brawling brooks and babbling birds;
 Of wild flowers sweet in far-off dell,
 Where lovers walk or hermits dwell;
 Of thunder's crash, or cataract's roar,
 Or sounding boom of ocean's shore;
 Of thought tricked out in gorgeous dress,
 Too deeply hid for man to guess;

Some burst of passion wrought with art,
Without the key to fit the heart,
Leaving unlocked its wealth of tears,
Its mystic sighs and hidden fears," —
Such is the bard of modern days,
With all his word-deluding lays.
But answer plain, with line on line,
And tell, What is this art divine ?
Nor fear the charge, nor flee the pain
Of being thought o'erwise or vain.

'Tis this alone : 'tis precious thought
From out the mind by genius brought ;
'Tis truth, and right, and love expressed
In words arranged in order best ;
Not one too much, nor one too long, —
Simpler the words, more sweet the song.
'Tis here a trope, a figure there,
Some touch of nature, fresh as fair ;
An artless tale of war or love,
Through which the passions gently move,
Or play a part heroic, bold,
Or tenderest feelings sweet unfold ;

Or build the bower where lovers sigh,
Where Romeos roam or Juliets die ;
Or, weaving bright some magic scene,
Disarms our grief, or cures our spleen ;
Or, sweeping round on Heaven's broad verge,
Rings out the hymn or sacred dirge,
To lift us up where angels dwell,
And scenes unveil no tongue can tell.

It gilds with grace the airy homes
Of fairies, genii, and gnomes ;
And not a fancy fires the brain
But sings its song in siren strain ;
No realm too high for mind to pierce,
Or find expression fit in verse :
But, most of all, 'tis precious thought
From out the mind by genius brought,
Woven all o'er with fancy's web,
And through the realms of beauty led.

Such, reader, is the art divine
That floweth forth from epic line,

In stories told in pleasing rhyme,
In hymns of wingèd words sublime,
In simple song, in ballad true,
To please the mind, the soul imbue.

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

BEAUTY is what? inquires the Sage,
And gives for answer, page on page :
It is in form, it is in face
Some undefined, unquestioned grace ;
A smile suffused, a liquid eye,
A pensive air, a suppressed sigh,
A curling lip, a soft white hand,
Or all the features sweet and bland ;
An arching brow, a line unique,
That to some innate sense doth speak ;
Says one, 'tis this, another, that,
And moot it sharp with tit for tat.
But tell me one, and tell me all, —
Yes, old or young, or great or small, —
Whether this magic, wondrous thing,
In rhapsody which poets sing,
If common sense does not define
This thing of earth, and yet divine,
As outgrowth pure of love and duty?
If so, Benevolence is Beauty.

JEU D'ESPRIT

ON LINES BY D. W., DESCRIBING "ANNIE'S CHAMBER."

MOST sweetly, most truly the chamber's described
Of the maid with blue eye and bonnie brown
hair :

Its shells, books, and pictures, and trophies of
pride ;

But something, yes, something is still wanting
there.

Grateful and pure the pen which described

Its sweetness and neatness, its graces and plan ;
But, perfect as 'tis, it can't be denied

One jewel is wanting, that jewel — a man.

GRISWOLD'S "POETS AND POETRY OF
ENGLAND."

ON RETURNING TO A FRIEND A BORROWED COPY.

I LOVE to read the Poet's page,
To soar with such on fancy's wing ;
To scan their sparkling thoughts so sage,
And, raptured, listen while they sing.

The elder bards of various lay
Were treasured up in deepest thought ;
As Chaucer, Shakespeare, Pope, and Gray,
And Wordsworth, Byron, Moore, and Scott.

But modern songsters high in fame,
As Shelley, Browning, Milnes, Praed,
Were little known by more than name,
Or dimly stood in memory's shade.

So Bayley, Norton, Barrett, Cook,
Macaulay, Tennyson, and Keats

Rung out new songs to swell the book
That thrills the heart with rapture's beats.

Then thanks for Griswold's well-gleaned lore
Of gems from every modern bard;
Made up of England's richest ore,
For loving souls to prize and guard.

THOUGHTS FOR AGE.

SEND forth your thoughts in sweetness,
For here you cannot bide ;
Time flows with fearful fleetness,
As downward sweeps the tide.

Send forth your thoughts with gladness
To all the listeners round ;
Nor let one tone of sadness
In your last strains be found.

Send forth your thoughts with frankness,
Of life the precious gains ;
Nor think the world is thankless
For time-long toils and pains.

Send forth your thoughts with chasteness,
To make more pure the whole ;
And teach 'tis height of baseness
To stain a spotless soul.

Send forth your thoughts in meekness
Well suited to the hour ;
And though they're sown in weakness,
Have faith they'll rise in power.

Send forth your thoughts, not cheerless,
In dread of tomb and sod ;
Give them thy body, fearless,
Thy spirit up to God.

Let them go forth in calmness,
Fixed firm on him most high ;
And, living ever blameless,
In peace and calmness die.

L I N E S

*To Miss A. M. M., on the Gift of a Beautiful Bracket in the Form
of a Cross, wrought by herself.*

1865.

'Twas one like thee who sought the place,
First, first of all, where Jesus died ;
Nor deemed nor dreamed it a disgrace
He bore the name of Crucified.

'Twas woman first, at early dawn,
With spices reached his body's prison ;
By power divine, from thence withdrawn,
To *her* he said, " Not here, but risen ! "

And ever since, with loving care,
With flowers, and leaves, and wood, and art,
'Tis she has wrought this symbol rare,
To mould and mend the human heart.

To rear this sign, how timely now,
" By which to conquer," monarchs said ;

When faith's rich currents run so low,
, And crowds on husks of doubt are fed.

Thanks, lady, for this gift of thine,
Of which a friend may proudly boast, —
Remembrancer of HIM divine ;
Of *her* who loved and loves the most.

THE LUXURIOUS FEAST.

A friend wrote, "I never dine luxuriously. My personal indulgence rarely goes beyond a cigar."

My good neighbor and friend his table hath spread
With roast and with pudding, potatoes and bread ;
With salad or peas, with tomatoes and fruit,
And with other such trifles his palate to suit.

A dinner like this is luxuriously fine
Without mingling a drop of whiskey or wine ;
Luxurious enough without pipe or cigar :
And who but a ninny from these would debar ?

Such a table is mine ; and I feel very sure
Luxurious 'tis called by some of the poor ;
But if envy shall scan, with reproach in her eyes,
The candid will own it is temperate and wise.

Then here's to the health of my good friend,
Mr. B.,
And a table more lean may he ne'er live to see ;

And if after the dinner his thoughts fail to flow,
Then, earlier or later, to his study we'll go.

And there, what an outgush of stories and verse,
In English or French, in words easy or terse!
There friends could but own that "luxurious" at
least

Was the banquet that followed, if not so the feast.

THE LEDGER OF LIFE.

On completing my Seventieth Year, August 16, 1863.

ARRIVED at threescore years and ten,
The voice of conscience cries, — What then ?
This ; ere advancing one step more,
Take strict account of life's large store ;
Nor self-evasion rashly seek,
When phantom-hours rise up to speak,
And find how much will stand the test,
Of bad, of better, and of best ;
Of hours, how many flung away
In foolish sport or childish play ;
How many nobly, grandly, passed
To fit thy soul to meet the last ;
How many in life's anxious strife
For truth and friends, for home and wife ;
How many for thy private aim,
For riches, power, or worldly fame ;

How many more in pangs of woe,
When wasting sickness laid thee low ;
Not the fruit of carelessness,
Or, sadder still, of life's excess.

If these outweigh thine hours of prayer,
And holy thought yet still more rare ;
If they outweigh those passed within,
To overcome the power of sin ;
Or those bestowed on youthful friends
To serve instruction's blessed ends ;
Or those which conscience ever claims,
To bear us on to higher aims, —
Then let me turn, of faults repent,
And well improve life's remnant lent ;
My day-book crowd, as days shall come,
With entries large of richest sum ;
Nor credit give but where 'tis sure,
To thoughts sincere and motives pure.
The ledger thus with good deeds square,
And so for judgment strict prepare ;
Nor doubt that love will there preside,
And balance find on plaintiff's side.

MARY, THE MOTHER OF JESUS.

'Twas Mary, best of women born,
In goodness pure and undefiled,
Gave to the world the holy child
On Christmas, happy morn.

'Twas Mary, grieving for her loss,
Was last to leave the angry crowd,
And of her Son was nobly proud,
E'en dying on the cross.

'Twas Mary, with her sweet perfume,
By love divinest sweetly drawn,
Was first of all at earliest dawn
To find his opened tomb.

.

Ye Marys all, with souls to save,
A pattern take from this blest one ;
Be first to seek and love this Son,
At cradle, cross, and grave.

CANARY BIRD.

KILLED BY PUSSY.

1869.

BIRDIE sweet ! how brisk and cheery
Was thy chirp of yesterday !
But to-day how sad and dreary,
As ye torn and bleeding lay !

Scenes like these, of sorrow many,
As we pass from year to year ;
So that all that's asked of any
Is the quiet, dewy tear.

Teach us, birdie, uncomplaining,
How to bear our every loss ;
Teach us trust, a faith unfeigning,
Kneeling at the sacred cross ;

How to check the flood of feeling ;
 Meek, submissive how to be ;
Pray for aid, to God appealing,
 His the covert whence to flee.

A LOVE-LORN CONCEIT.

JEU D'ESPRIT.

THE fairest rose that comes with June,
 Whose charms no flower outvies,
 Has none for him, the love-lorn lad,
 Because *it* has — no *eyes*.
 Again I look and cast it down,
 My feet to tread beneath,
 For oh, the senseless, vapid thing,
 It has no — *pearly teeth* !

But then its color, I am told,
 All other sweets eclipse !
 'Tis false, 'tis false, it cannot be,
 For see ! it has no — *lips* !
 They speak of calyx, cup, and stem,
 And many other charms ;
 But what are those, however fair,
 When lo ! *it* has — no *arms* !

Let others boast their summer rose,
 Sans eyes, *sans* arms, *sans* lips,
My living flower, with all of these,
 Must, therefore, all eclipse !
With eyes like sparkling diamonds bright,
 With arms to press mine own,
With coral lips and fragrant breath,
 MARY'S my ROSE full-blown !

EPITHELAMIUM.

Tenth Anniversary of the Marriage of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. B.

Joy go with you, happy pair,
First decade of marriage o'er ;
Be thy future bright as fair,
Richest prospects yet in store.

At the altar there was joy,
Rich in sweets of wedded love ;
Rich, but not enough to cloy,
Crowned with blessings from above.

Thousand friends still round thy way,
Loving, cheering, urging on ;
Scarce a cloud to mar thy day,
Prizes new that would be won.

Tin and "Tinth" are glittering here,
Next will come the *Silver* cards,

Brightly blazoned, quaint or queer,
Ushered in by nobler bards.

Blessings crown ye all the while,
City home and rustic bowers ;
Friendship lend its genial smile,
Constant love her fragrant flowers.

Golden days at length will come,
Be it here, or there above ;
May they find ye both at *Home*,
In the arms of PERFECT LOVE.

THE BIRDIE'S SONG.

Set to music by W. M. PRAY, Esq. Published and sold by Koppitz,
Prüffer, & Co., Boston.

PRETTY birdie ! sweetheart birdie !

Pretty birdie, blithe and gay !

Hear my song so chaste and cheerie,

In this loving month of May ;

Now's the time for billing, cooing ;

Now's the time to choose a mate ;

Chary of our love bestowing,

As repentance comes too late.

Pretty birdie ! gleesome birdie !

Here shall home and nest be wove ;

Here we'll sing so blithe and cheerie,

As for food and straws we rove ;

Chirrup, warble, trill, and whistle,

Teach our wee ones songs as sweet,

Birdling's only love epistle,

When in groves and flocks they meet.

Pretty birdie ! gleesome birdie !
Now our flight's away ! and up !
Ever trustful, ever cheerie,
Sipping Nature's harvest-cup ;
Life's rich feast we've, singing, tasted,
Lingering long on this bright shore,
As we gladly hither hasted,
So to other climes we'll soar.

SONG

Sung at the Mt. Pleasant Parish Supper, April 9, 1878.

AIR, — "Auld Lang Syne."

IN sacred joy we meet to-night
 Around this social board ;
 Our parish prospects beaming bright,
 Beneath the preached Word.
 And they throng back to memory dear
 Who planned this work divine,
 When ALGER stood our pastor here,
 In days of auld lang syne ;
 In days of auld lang syne so dear,
 In days of auld lang syne ;
 When ALGER, learned and young, stood here,
 In days of auld lang syne.

They felt the new-born Gospel want,
 That pressed on every side ;
 And what the old had ceased to grant,
 Our friends with zeal supplied.

Then PUTNAM o'er this church was set,
To train the Christian vine ;
And none those days will e'er forget,
Those days of auld lang syne ;
Those days of auld lang syne so dear,
Those days of auld lang syne ;
Though glad and sad, will none forget
Those parting days, lang syne.

How many-hued the scenes of time,
Which change with every year ;
Now, teach the truths of heaven sublime,
Now, blind with grief's sad tear.
And thus our BOWEN, cherished name,
That Rose and Myrtle twine,
When reached the pastor's loftiest aim,
In grief we closed his eyen.
Sad days of auld lang syne so dear,
In grief we closed his eyen ;
When reached the pastor's loftiest aim,
Sad days of auld lang syne.

Now all aglow, forgot the past,
Let hope our feelings stir,

And our best thoughts in moulds be cast,
Of our own CARPENTER ;
In moulds of Christian love and truth,
As Christ's own words define,
And so be trained the ag'd and youth,
In truths of auld lang syne.
In truths of auld lang syne so dear,
In truths of auld lang syne ;
And so be trained the old and young,
In truths of auld lang syne.

The Sunday school, loved well and long,
The Dorcas efforts here,
The choir, with sweet and swelling song, —
All have our heart-felt cheer ;
The Church triumphant says, Rejoice
In faith and love divine ;
Then let us now with heart and voice
Unite with auld lang syne ;
With those of auld lang syne so dear,
With those of auld lang syne ;
The Church, the School, and all, rejoice
With those of auld lang syne.

LINES

ON THE SILVER WEDDING OF T. H. B.

September 1, 1842-1867.

.

TWENTY-FIVE ! how long it seems !
 Yet brief and strange as midnight dreams !
 The marriage-bell, the rapid tour,
 Anchored at home, in port secure ;
 The cradle swung, the infant's wail
 Varied as the autumn's gale ;
 The battle-strife for worldly gains,
 The seething brain, the body's pains,
 Hope depressed, and hope elate ;
 The common ills of human state ;
 Sins and follies, sighs and tears,
 Clouds and mists of fitting years !

But turn the shield, contrast the view,
 Thus make the picture full and true ;
 The stream of life ! how swift ! how fair !
 How calm, unruffled, free of care !

Year after year one gracious round,
And each with some new blessing crowned !
The world a witching smile has cast,
As one by one its bounds were past ;
With toil came strength, with struggle, power,
And inward joy with every hour ;
And, more than all, domestic bliss
No fairer shrine has found than this ;
A brilliant circlet, one, the same,
Lit up by love and friendship's flame ;
Its olive-buds unfolding fast,
In fairness and in promise cast ;
And oh, with gladness be it spoken,
No link dropped out, not one been broken !

Such, such the record of the past,
The silver boundary reached at last !
Of this secure, with new emprise,
The future all before thee lies ;
New hopes, new joys, new trials, toils,
With all of life's attacks and foils.
But, standing firm on battle-field,
The helmet bright, and same the shield,

The future calmly we may meet,
Nor fear repulse, nor dread defeat ;
But, pressing on in faith divine,
The crown at last will sure be thine ;
To onescore five add five and score,
Then more than doubled all thy store ;
The silver feast a feast of old,
The silver one transformed to gold ;
The Scripture lesson well recast, —
"The last the first, the first the last."

THE EPITAPH.

A SPOT of earth but six feet long,
With grass-green sods all jewelled o'er,
Bordered with sweetest flowers along,
What this, and nothing more ?

If some fond soul, by friendship moved,
Should seek the spot thus chosen here,
And yearn to show how much he loved,
Just let him drop a tear.

If still 'tis urged to mark the spot
By marble, stone, or cenotaph,
Then be it humble as his lot,
And this the epitaph :

"He lived, he loved, he wrought, he died,
Inspired and urged by Christian rule ;
To mend the world in faith he tried,
And loved the Sunday school."

THE VISION OF BEAUTY.

Oh, vision of beauty, of love, and of peace,
When battle and strife shall everywhere cease !
Oh, vision of beauty, when good-will to all
Shall rule in the breasts of the great and the
small !

Oh, vision of beauty, when tortures and woe
Shall be heard of no more in these valleys below !
Oh, vision of beauty, when Hope proves not vain,
That the wise and the good shall everywhere
reign !

Oh, vision of beauty, when the light of this morn
In the spirit of Christ again shall be born !
When the old things of evil shall totter and fall,
And the Genius of Good for deliverance shall call ;
When parties and sects shall be banished from
hence,
And the triumph begin of good common sense ;

The young shall be thoughtful, and the old ones
be gay,
And both shall be happy as this bright Christmas
day ;
When girls shall dress simple, and mothers be
wise,
And, not with their elbows, but see with their
eyes ;
When regard for the feelings shall be studied as
well
As to write or to cipher, to read or to spell ;
When the right and the true shall be quietly done
As now the moon rises, as now sets the sun ;
When worship shall rise to the Father above,
And better than earthly this Father shall love !
Oh, vision of beauty ! in radiance so bright,
Oh, wake in thy splendor on our now aching sight !

LINES

Written in the Album of H. B., full of Beautiful Engravings.

WHAT pretty pictures grace these pages !

How they please both I and you !

How charm the eyes of all the ages, —

Youngest and the oldest too.

Why please they thus the gentle maiden ?

Why the white-haired, wrinkled man ?

Because with beauty they are laden :

Come, resist it ye who can !

Perfection's germ is wrapped in beauty,

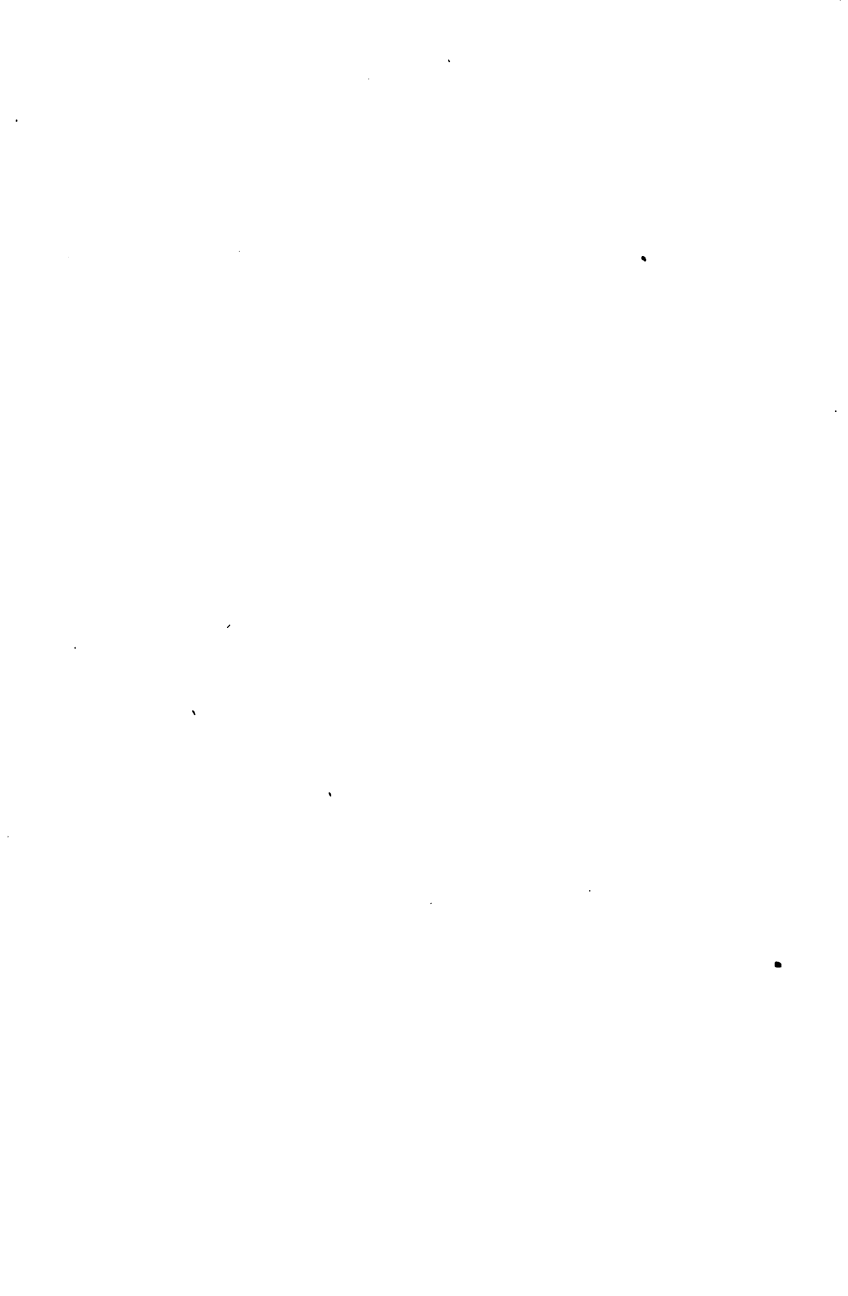
And for this we all should seek ;

Go, little Helen ! do your duty,

Both of these you thus bespeak.

Such be the aim of all your being, —
Seek the perfect day by day ;
Then shall beauty worth the seeing
Gild your steps on heaven's bright way.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH.



TRANSLATIONS FROM THE FRENCH.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A POOR POET AND A FRIEND.

P. — "THEY have stolen from me" —

F. — "How I pity thy grief!"

P. — "All my manuscript lines."

F. — "How I pity the thief!"

LE BRUN.

ON CHLOE.

POET and belle, she has two little whims, —

She makes her own face, but don't make her
hymns.

LE BRUN.

OUR NED.

IN prose, in verse, does Ned compose ;
Yet somehow Ned the rules reverse ;
For in his verse there's too much prose,
And too much prose in all his verse.

LE BRUN.

JEU D'ESPRIT.

WHEN the weather is bright and fair,
Be sure to take thy cloak to wear ;
For when the storm is fierce and set,
A fool would not his cloak forget.

THE UNGALLANT LAWYER.

The wife of a French lawyer, complaining of her over-studious husband. said, "I wish I might become a book," and this was his ungallant reply : —

AN almanac, and I'll agree,
And prove myself a cunning Seer ;
For this, my gain, as you may see,
They change *that* book once every year.

EPITAPH

*For an Inebriate who requested that his Coffin might be a Cask from
which he had drunk until it was empty.*

FORESEEING well his certain doom,
With his own hands he dug this tomb.

EPITAPH

*Taken from a tablet in a Cemetery a few miles from Inkerman,
in the Crimea.*

“Non, tu n'a pas quitte mes yeux.”

No, no ! not passed beyond my sight ;
For, when my lone and saddened eyes
Here cease to catch the vision bright,
Straightway I see thee in the skies.

TO THE BATHERS AT THE HOT-SPRINGS,
GASTEIN, AUSTRIA.

(*See Atlantic, January, 1871.*)

“*Savez-vous quel est à Gastein,*” etc.

KNOW you what there is at Gastein,
Where you bathe so hopeful, in sooth ?
Rejoice, dearest friends, and be certain
'Tis the life-giving fountain of youth.

Cast into its waters a flower
Half faded in beauty and bloom ;
Soon the rose, by its magical power,
Will its freshness and fragrance resume.

Since we know, then, such treasures are there,
Prolonging existence in truth ;
Friends, to bathe let us often repair
To this life-giving fountain of youth.

MADRIGAL.

'MID music of waters, the forest air breathing,
Reposing on flowers, what a rich bower of bliss !
Empire couldn't tempt me the spot to be leaving ;
But leave it I would, Iris, I would for a kiss !

CHARLEVAL, A POET OF 1618.

THE GOOD AULD WIFE.

"La Bonne Vieille," from "Chansons de De Beranger."

OLD must you grow, my mistress fair.
Yes, dear ; and I shall cease to be ;

Time flies so fast that I despair
To count the moments as they flee.
Live thou, but take me still for guide,
When age and pain shall goad like thongs ;
And, good auld wife, your hearth beside,
Repeat again your lover's songs.

When youthful eyes through wrinkles peer
To find the charms that me inspired,
And for reply lend eager ear,
And ask of him so much admired ;
Then paint my love with power and pride,
With all the glow to it belongs ;
And, good auld wife, your hearth beside,
Repeat again your lover's songs.

They'll ask you, Was he good and kind ?
And you'll reply, I loved him ever ;
Could you in him no evil find ?
Then proudly say ye, Never, never !
But, lute in hand, swayed love's full tide,
And soothed to peace our earth-felt wrongs ;
And, good auld wife, your hearth beside,
Repeat again your lover's songs.

And you I taught for France to weep,
Say to the new-born, knightly band,
I've sung their hope and fame to keep,
And comfort my unhappy land ;
Recall to them the whirlwind wide
That smote their laurel-harvests strong ;
And, dear one, at your hearth beside,
Repeat again your lover's songs.

And, darling, when my worthless fame
Shall charm the griefs of waning hours,
And your weak hand the task shall claim
To deck my shrine with Christmas flowers, —
Then raise your eyes where we shall bide,
In worlds unseen with angel throngs ;
And, good auld wife, your hearth beside,
Repeat once more your lover's songs.

FRENCH MOTTO.

In France, in ancient days, the following motto was found placed over a garden fountain. It was on a medallion, and a Naiad speaks.

TOUJOURS vive, abondante et pure,
Un doux penchant règle mon cours ;

Heureux l'ami de la nature,
 Qui soit ansi couler ses jours.

Translation.

Forever fresh, abundant, clear,
 A calm descent my movements sway ;
 So, friend of nature, have no fear,
 Whose days thus gently glide away.

In friendly competition, C. F. B. sent me the following : —

Full, fresh, and clear my waters blue,
 Declining gently, ever flow ;
 Happy the friend of nature who
 Sees his brief moments gliding so.

THE ROSE.

There are some lines on the rose by another ancient French poet, of whom and of which Madame Genlis says, a “mauvais poète a fait les vers suivant, dont l'idée a quelque chose de frappant.”

SWEET Rose ! to every human eye
 Thy tints how soft, yet brilliant too !
 Soon thou must die ! how soon ! and I
 Perhaps far sooner may than you.

The thought of death, brought thus so nigh,
Startles my soul and all within it ;
The Rose may have a *day* to die,
But I, perhaps, but one short *minute*.

GARDEN INSCRIPTION.


At Moulin Joli, France, is the famous garden of M. Watelet, where there are many inscriptions. This is one.

FEW be thy friends, thine acres also few ;
Active in good, thy projects fewer yet :
Then shall thy days be blest, or leave to you
A life without remorse or vain regret.

THE VIOLET TO A LADY.

From the French of M. Jean Desmarets, A.D. 1660.

FROM all ambition free I hide me in the grass ;
My color modest is, my dwelling-place is low ;
But could my hope be gained one day to grace
your brow,
Though humblest of the flowers, all others should
surpass.



FRANKLIN'S MONUMENT.

The Latin inscription on the Statue of Franklin, front of City Hall, Boston, was composed by Turgo.

ERIPUIT cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.

French Translations.

I.

Cet homme que tu vois, sublime en tous les temps,
Dèrobe aux dieux la foudre et le sceptre aux tyrans.

II.

Tu vois le sage courageux
Dont l'heureux et mâle génie
Arracha le tonnerre aux dieux,
Et sceptre à la tyrannie.

English Translation.

He snatched the bolt from heaven's avenging hand,
Disarmed and drove the tyrant from the land.

ELPHINSTONE.

Original.

Behold the Sage, brave, calm, and wise,
To whom this votive wreath we bring !
He snatched the thunder from the skies,
The sceptre from a tyrant king.

THE END.

